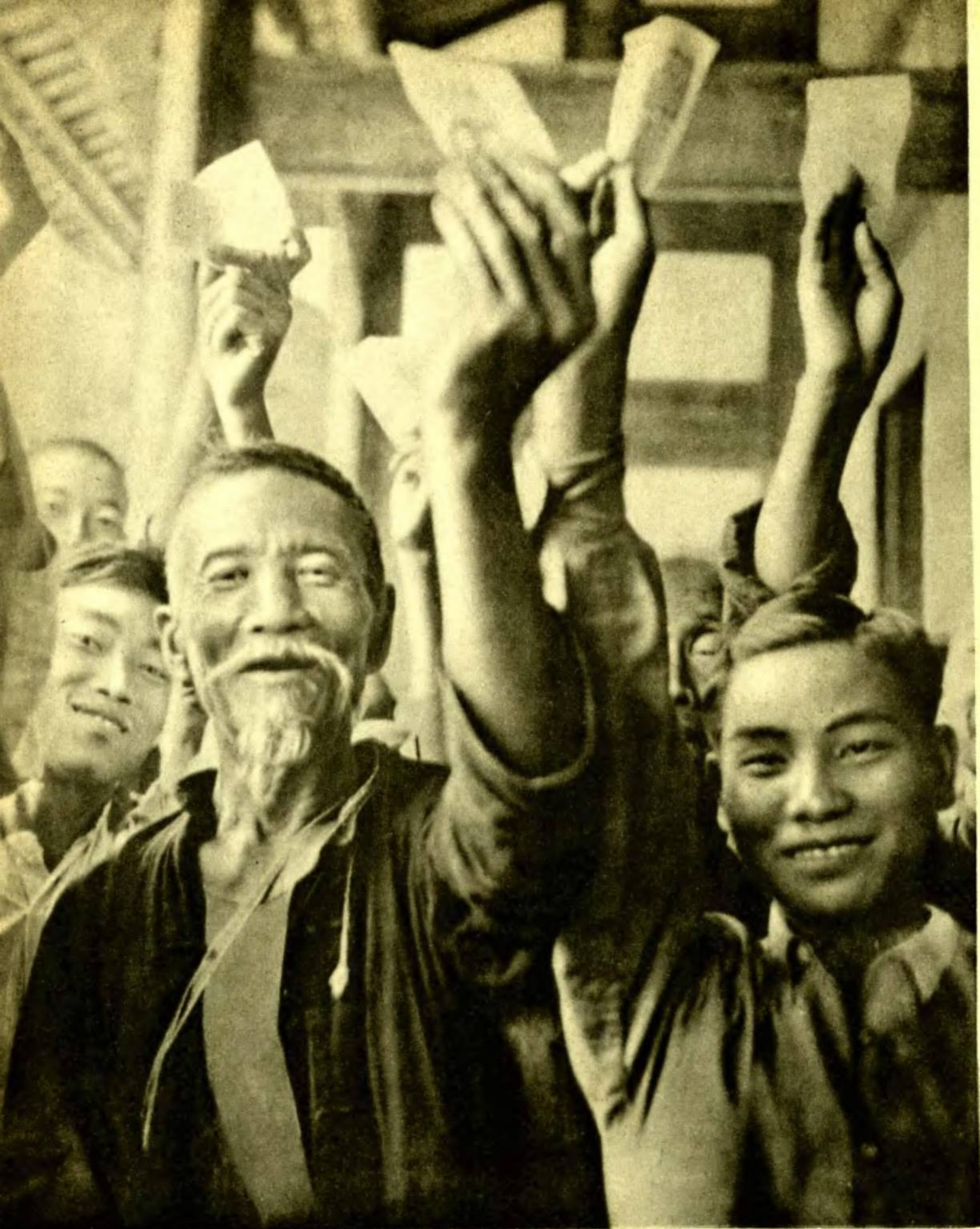


CHINA RECONSTRUCTS

MARCH - APRIL 1954





In a village in Szechuan province, new voters show their registration cards at a meeting of electors.



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FRONT COVER: Shen Chilan, Vice-Chairman of the outstanding agricultural producers' cooperative headed by Li Shun-ta, in Shansi province, North China, was a delegate to the World Congress of Women held in Copenhagen in June 1953.

BACK COVER: Pavilion overlooking Taihu Lake near Wusih in the province of Kiangsu, East China.
 Photo: Chiang Chi-sheng

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CHINA RECONSTRUCTS

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BACK COVER: *Pavilion overlooking Taihu Lake near Wusih in the province of Kiangsu, East China.*

Photo: Chiang Chi-sheng

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The Yokochunglieh stream where the Yellow River rises.

We Found the Source of the Yellow River

CHOU HUNG-SHIIH

For the first time in history, a detailed survey is being made of the entire 3,000-mile course of the Yellow River, which rises in Northwest China and flows down through nine provinces to the sea. It is part of the preparation for the first complete plan to tame this mighty body of water, once known as "China's Sorrow" for the devastation it frequently brought to large areas. The survey parties are looking into the causes of erosion and flood and ascertaining the best sites for the reservoirs and electric-power plants of the future.

In the course of the work, one 62-man team located the true source of the Yellow River, unknown until the present time. It found that the river does not rise in Khotun Nor (The Lake of Stars) as previously believed, but in the Yokochunglieh stream, which drains a marsh surrounded by snowclad mountains. In this article, a member of the expedition describes the discovery.

AT SINING, the capital of Chinghai province, we tried to get information about the area we were going to survey. We found, however, that very few people had actually been there. Some had gone as far as Huanghoyen, where our survey was to begin. Beyond that, other than that it was wild and very cold, we could get no information.

We set out on horseback on September 3, 1952, accompanied by 173 yaks as pack animals for our equipment and food. The long caravan was an imposing sight. We were dressed from head to foot in furs, weighing in all some 40 pounds for each

person. Even our trousers and stockings were fur-lined. Because most of us were city bred and had never before been on horseback, a good many jokes were passed as we started.

The way at first was easy. The road that runs along the Huangshui, one of the two big tributaries of the Yellow River in Chinghai province, led us to the beautiful and flourishing county seat of Huangyuan, surrounded by green mountains with streams rushing along at the foot of cliffs and terraced rice fields on the hill-sides. We passed many pastoral people going to town to exchange their products for daily necessi-

ties. Leaving Huangyuan, and going west, we passed through a river valley where a precipice-flanked road led to the entrance of the Sun-Moon Pass.

Entering this pass, we were some 11,550 feet above sea level. Now the scenery changed. Behind us lay a typical Northwest China landscape with tilled land and farmhouses. In front, we could see only treeless pastures dotted with dun-coloured Tibetan tents woven of yak hair.

Riding on, we passed herds of cattle, sheep and horses quietly grazing. Tibetan girls and boys in sheepskin jackets sang in clear voices as they tended their herds.

Strong winds soon rose, and breathing became difficult. Our animals slowed down their pace and we proceeded until we came to Taotangho, where the road forked. We took the branch that led southwest to Huanghoyen.

From this point the road took us over varied country, winding alongside cliffs, over grasslands, through semi-agricultural areas and over mountains. On one mountain pass, some 14,500 feet above sea level, we became quite dizzy while crossing. On our descent, at about 12,500 feet, we found warm springs bubbling up with other streams in the vicinity already frozen. Here Tibetans with skin diseases come to pray and bathe.

Passing through another valley, we came to two places about which we had been warned—"Bitter Sea Lake" and "Drunken Horse Flat". The water in the lake is a beautiful blue, but it is poisonous, bringing death to men and animals who drink it. The vegetation on the swampy flat is dangerous too. Animals eating it drop down as though dead drunk, hence its name. There is also a kind of wild garlic here that is said to bring blindness to any one eating it.

These two places cover a stretch of some 30 miles. As it was not good to stop where such hazards existed, we covered it all in one day's march. At Mientsaowan, where we spent the night, the water still tasted bad. The altitude was 13,860 feet and the shrubs on the hillsides were stunted, not exceeding five inches in height. After Mientsaowan,

This stone tablet at the Sun-Moon Pass was set up by the People's Liberation Army men who are building the new highway running from Chinghai to Tibet.

we passed through the Hua Shih ("Striped Stone") Canyon, where the greyish white rock was veined with red.

The Survey Begins

Following two more weeks' travel in the grasslands, we were very excited to see the Yellow River at Huanghoyen. Here we started the survey, leaving the road and going into uninhabited areas where tawny wild horses and blue-grey goats raced by us. At first we surveyed on foot, but could hardly keep up with the yak caravan. So we changed our method and used our horses more, with the vanguard going ahead to set up the rods, and the cartographers following. It meant a lot of mounting and dismounting, but we covered much more ground.

There were many marmot holes in the grasslands with the little animals sitting up at the entrances, looking at us. Sometimes the holes were so thick that our horses would step into them. There were also boggy places we had to be careful not to fall into. In the middle of the day it was not very cold, but every afternoon, the wind rose, and sometimes there was hail, about the size of peas. At night, the temperature would fall to 20 or 30°C below zero. This kind of weather is quite usual in the grasslands, especially from May to July.



The altitude remained about 13,500 feet. The rarefied air made us gasp for breath whenever we bent down or walked too fast. Water boiled at low temperatures so that our noodles, which we cooked over dried cow-dung fires, were always sticky.

The wind was our fierce enemy. It often took several people to steady the surveying instruments. At times the wind and sand were so blinding that we had to await a lull before proceeding. The higher up the river we went, the worse these conditions became.

ROUTE OF THE EXPEDITION



Map by Mei Wen-huan



Members of the expedition riding along the high plateau.

In spite of our heavy clothing and two pairs of gloves, our fingers cracked and bled.

On the lower reaches of the Yellow River the waters swirl in tumultuous, muddy fury. Here, the water was clear enough for us to see the pebbles at the bottom. Once, in surveying the width of the river, we found it too shallow to use a raft. We all felt great respect for one of our comrades who pulled off his heavy trousers and calmly stepped into the freezing water, surveying as he crossed.

Oring and Tsaring

After leaving Huanghoyen we met no one and, without a guide, simply followed the river until we came to a lake marked on our maps as Oring Nor (Long Blue Lake). The maps turned out to be wrong. Afterwards, we found that the Tibetans call this lake Tsaring Nor (Long White Lake), while the real Oring Nor is the one further on, marked on our maps as Tsaring Nor. Each of these lakes has a perimeter of about 90 miles and the two are connected by streams.

Tsaring Nor has a beach like that of the sea. We picked up the pebbles from the gravel bank formed by the incoming waves and skimmed them over the surface for fun. Near us, the water was quite clear, but further on it seemed green, then blue, then a

dark blue. The green hills in the distance looked as though they had fallen into the lake. Birds we had never seen before flew overhead.

When we arrived, the lake was quiet and our surveyors and a raftsmen set out on an inflated sheepskin raft to take soundings. As the afternoon wore on the usual wind rose, and with it the waves. Looking at them from the shore, we became very worried, fearing that the raftsmen would not be able to navigate through the storm. But the men came back safely, with all the readings required.

Celebrating National Day

It was October 1, the anniversary of our People's Republic of China, when we reached the shores of Oring Nor. Our expedition had members of different nationalities, Tibetans and Muslims as well as Hans, and we all celebrated the birthday of our common Motherland. Though the altitude was too high for good cooking, we still made *chiaoze* (meat dumplings) as is the custom for festive occasions. Then there was a party under the moon. We sang in different languages and danced to the music of Chinese flutes and a mouth-organ until midnight.

Where the Yellow River flows out of Tsaring Nor we found a pile of stones with a slab about a foot high and six inches wide

erected on top. The front of the slab was engraved with a Buddhist image. The other side carried the single Tibetan word *muni* (Sage).

The mountain which we climbed afterwards is one of the Thirteen Immortal Peaks sacred to the Tibetans. On it were other piles of stones, the *obo* which the people here revere. The Tibetans among us added more stones to these piles for blessings. The biggest *obo* was on the summit. It had slabs incised with Buddhist scriptural texts on both sides and was surmounted by a flag.

Looking back on Oring Nor from this place, the river seemed like a yellow ribbon, cutting the blue of the lakewaters in half. This struck us because, standing on its banks, we had not noticed any colour at all.

Lake of Stars

Moving further west, we still did not meet anyone, nor did we know the way. From our maps it appeared that we were near the source of the Yellow River as shown on them—Khotun Nor, or the "Lake of Stars". But we came across so many unmarked streams that it was hard to know which one to follow. We picked the largest and, after a day's surveying, came upon a tangle of waters flowing into each other like a spiderweb in the long grass. Since there was nothing here that could be called a river at all, we sent out scouts to look for a more likely clue. Finally we picked a rivulet to the south which proved to be the correct one.

Following this for three days, we came to a marshy piece of land, narrow from north to south but three miles across from east to west. It was covered with ponds of various sizes, some of them running into the others. This was the famous Lake of Stars, and a very beautiful spot it was, with grass and shrubs growing around each pool. As our animals picked their way through them, it was like riding through some park. We all agreed it should be called "Garden of Stars" rather than a lake.

To the south was a mountain with a peak 15,180 feet above sea level. It looked like a lotus leaf turned upside down with the snow making marks like veins down its sides. This should have been the end of our quest. At school we had been taught that the source of the Yellow River was at Khotun Nor, at the foot of Kotasu Chilao mountain. Was this the mountain? We began to argue about it because another river flowed into the lake from still further west. So Khotun Nor was not the real source! Excited by finding facts at variance with what had long been accepted, we went on surveying. On the Huanghotan Flat, herds of horses watched us, one of them always remaining to have a good look, then galloping off as we came near and taking up "sentry duty" a little further on. We also met lone bears which would shuffle off until they got to a safe distance, then sit on their hind legs staring at us unblinkingly, providing us with much amusement.

Now we were at 14,000 feet and the great Yellow River was a small brook. When we came to a place where it branched, we again took the stream to the south. But as we crossed a pass, we met two Tibetans, the first human beings we had encountered since leaving Huanghoyen. They

The two Tibetans (right and centre) shown above with a Tibetan member of the expedition were the first people the party met after leaving Huanghoyen.



were very kind to us and told us that we were on the wrong path. If we kept on the way we were going we would arrive at the headquarters tent of the Chumalai Tibetan Autonomous Government.

"We are looking for the source of the Yellow River," we said.

"Do you have any idea where it is?"

The Tibetans, replied by singing an old local song:

*Whence come the waters of
the Yellow River?*

*From the stream of Yoko-
chunglieh;*

*And where is the home of
Yokochunglieh?*

*In the Yaho-Latahotze moun-
tain.*

Excited, we inquired if the mountain that had reminded us of an upturned lotus leaf was the Kotasu Chilao mentioned in the geographies. The two men answered that they knew no mountain of that name, and that the one we had passed was "The White-Faced Goddess". They told us that the sharp peak we had seen to the west was "Cow Mountain" and that the shorter loaf-like peak beside it was the "Cow's Son". The legend was that the White-Faced Goddess came every day to milk the cow, while the calf stood by and waited.

We decided to pay a visit to the Chumalai Autonomous Government before going on, and so continued on our road till we came up to the Bayan Kara range. Here, in a 15,708-foot-high pass, we met two more Tibetans. They said that this was the divide between the sources of the Yangtze and Yellow Rivers. So distant from each other on the plains of Central China, here in Chinghai province they were only three miles apart.

Autonomous Government

To get to the encampment of the autonomous government took us two days' travel. There were about a thousand households there. The whole region covers the areas between two tributaries of the Tungtien river, the Chumalai and Sewu. Most of the inhabitants came from the east during Kuo-mintang days to escape the inhuman brutal misrule of Ma Pu-fang, the old warlord of Chinghai province.



Here the Yellow River flows out of Tsaring Nor.



Surveyors at work on the main peak of the 16,170-foot-high Laputze mountain.

The government office was in a tent above which flew the five-star flag of our country. Chairman Mifutang and other members of the government greeted us warmly. They gave us good information about the area, arranged guides for the rest of the way, helped us to make all necessary purchases and presented us with two sheep and much yak butter and milk.

The people in this place believe in Lamaism, and wear an image of the Panchen Ngoerhtehni, Living Buddha, around their necks. They have a tent temple which moved as they changed pastures. They wear sheepskin clothes bordered with bands of red, black or purple cloth, often satin, with the right arm left uncovered from the shoulder in the Tibetan style. The women do their hair in many small plaits, fastened with ribbons and decorated with silver or jewels.

Looking upon us as persons sent by Chairman Mao Tse-tung, whose likeness they wore pinned on their hats or jackets, they asked after his health and wished us to carry back to him the story of their happy new life. They also told us stories out of the nightmare past under Ma Pu-fang, and of the change that had come. Then they had been oppressed,

hungry and harried. Now, they were happy and were getting good prices for their wool. They were able to buy many types of goods they need in their daily life cheaply from the state trading company which had a branch in the encampment.

They invited us into their tent homes, where the men invariably sat to the right and the women to the left of the hearth. There were no chairs or tables; everyone sat and slept on the felt flooring, covered with sheepskin rugs. Each tent had a shrine on the left side. This is the place of honour and guests who spend the night are assigned it for sleeping.

Yaho-Latahotze Mountain

Very soon, we left to proceed with our survey. The weather was now invariably below zero, dropping to as low as -36°C at night. After two days we came to the dark purple Laputze mountains where the Tibetans do not hunt, believing the place to be haunted. There were tracks of wolves, foxes and badgers on the path we took. The mountains around us seemed to be rising and falling like waves of the sea. The majestic Yaho-Latahotze mountain of the folk song loomed in front of us, but it took four more days of hard surveying to get to its

base. The 17,952-foot-high summit shone a dark blue. Lower down, the snow gleamed white. Streams came down the mountain gullies. The mountainsides near the foot were covered with thick yellow soil.

One of the Tibetans told us that this mountain was the axis of the Chinghai water system, with some streams flowing north into the Tsaidam basin, others south to the Tungtien River in the upper reaches of the Yangtze. It is separated by another hill from the Yokochunglieh stream, the true source of the Yellow River, but Tibetans believe that the mountain streams seep through to its headwaters. That is why the song refers to the mountain as the "home" of the Yokochunglieh stream.

Reaching the Source

The last sixteen miles of our journey took us over another marsh with pools like those of the Lake of Stars. Finally, the Yokochunglieh stream was before us. The hillsides around were covered with yellow earth, except for one to the north where four cliffs of white rock showed.

It was a great moment for us, and we raced along the edges of the brook, laughing and jumping. Some of us bent down to stroke the pebbled bed. That night we could hardly sleep for joy and every one learnt the Tibetan folk song by heart.

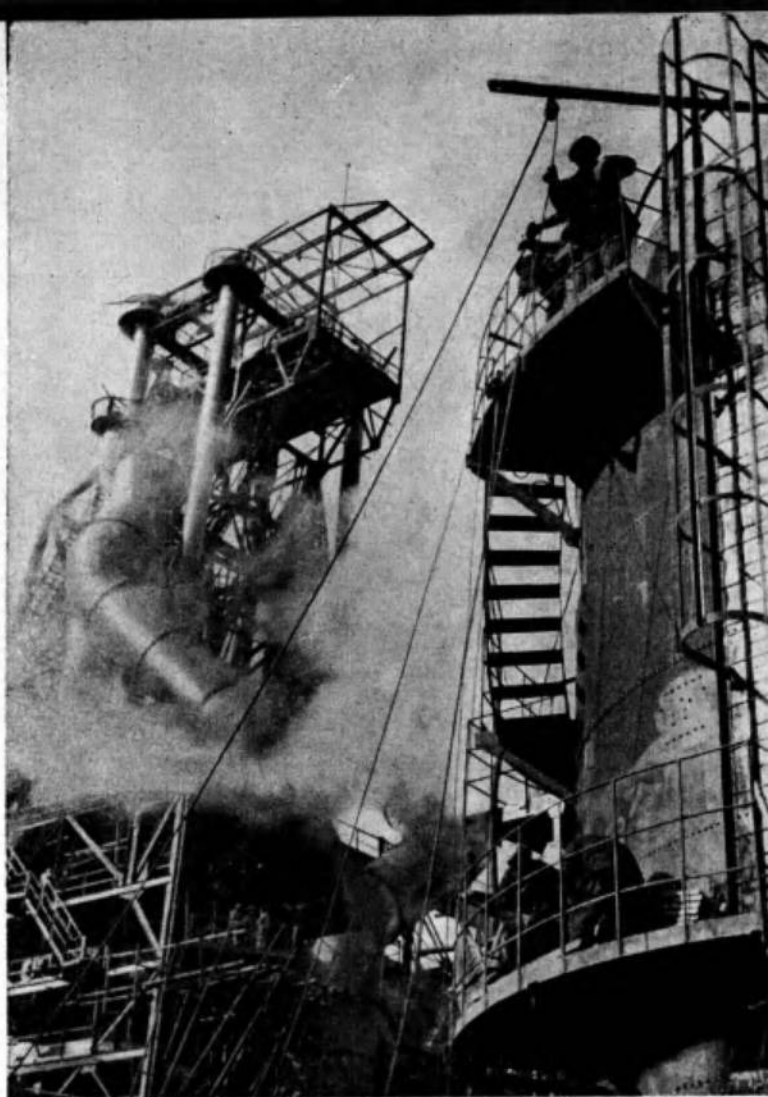
Before leaving we carved an inscription on a neighbouring boulder "Rock of the River's Source".

Two local Tibetans, one of them a young Lama, offered to guide us back down the stream all the way to Tsaring Nor, into which it flowed.

It had taken us 61 days to get from Huanghoyen to the source and back again, surveying a distance of 473 miles. We returned to Sining bringing back the data of our survey, geological specimens and soil samples and many other things needed in planning the work of harnessing the Yellow River to the needs of the people.

Three New Giants Of Anshan

Blast Furnace No. 7, now fully automatic, supplies top-quality pig iron to industries all over China.



IN the last quarter of 1953, three newly-commissioned major industrial installations began operating in China's "steel city" of Anshan. They were the country's biggest automatic blast furnace, a rolling mill for rails and structural steel and a mill to produce seamless steel tubing. Belonging to the list of 141 industrial enterprises which the government of the U.S.S.R. is helping China to build or reconstruct, they are an important addition to the country's industrial capacity. They also show that Chinese workers, with technical advice and assistance from Soviet specialists, are perfectly capable of setting up and running the most up-to-date and complex plants in the spheres of metallurgy and heavy industry.

Blast Furnace No. 7 at Anshan turned out its first heat of iron on December 19. Its equipment, besides the furnace itself, includes a 130-ton boiler and two coke ovens with a combined annual capacity of 400,000 tons of coke. All operations—weighing, charging and hoisting—are fully automatic. This is the second of Anshan's blast furnaces to be automatized.

The new rolling mill, after trials, also began regular production in December. It is capable of manufacturing annually hun-

dreds of thousands of tons of rails and structural steel for railways, bridges and steel-frame buildings. In its functioning, manual labour has been virtually eliminated. The various processes are directed from the main switch-house by workers wearing white coats. Steel ingots are automatically expelled from the heating furnace when they reach the right temperature and carried by roller to the rolling stands, then further for cooling and finishing. Rail ends are made more durable through hardening by high-frequency induction-heating machines. Labour productivity per worker in this mill is five or six times that prevailing under the Japanese occupation.

The seamless tubing mill, which was ready last October, is the first ever to exist in China. Seamless tubing is essential to the production of ships, locomotives, automobiles, aircraft and equipment for the oil industry. Its domestic manufacture therefore represents a great step forward in freeing Chinese industry from dependence on foreign imports.

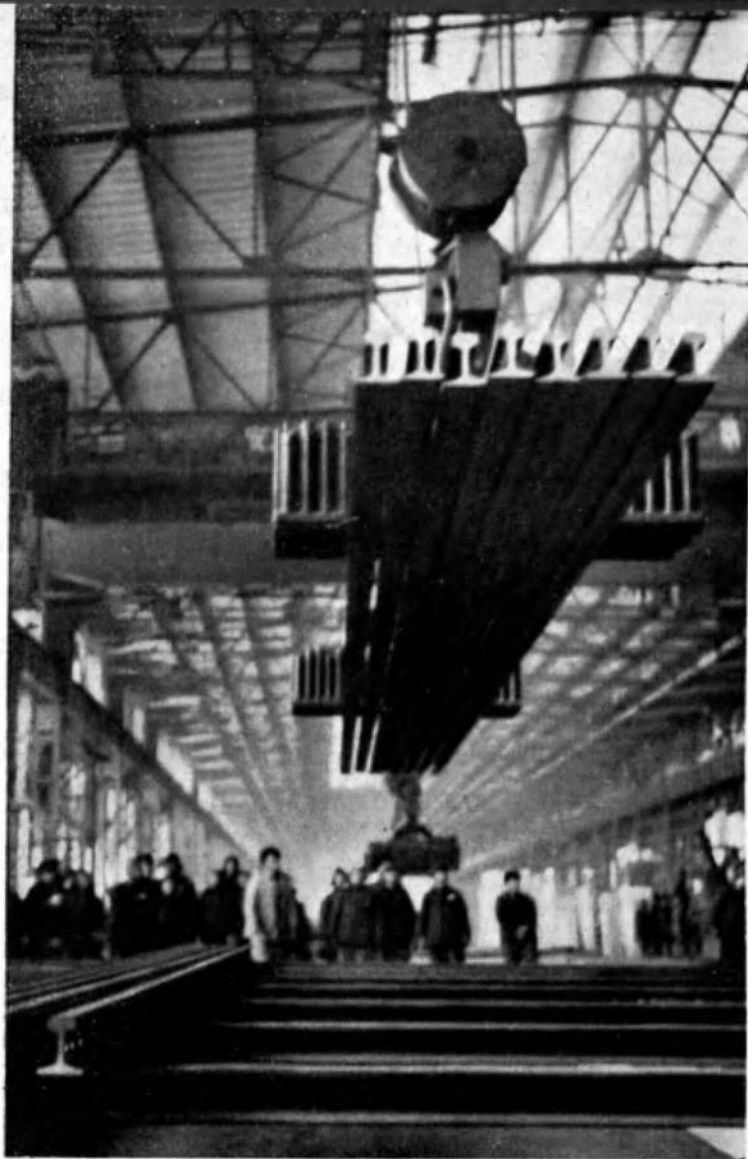
Automatic equipment for all three plants was supplied by the Soviet Union. While construction was going on, workers to operate

them were trained both on the spot and in the best steel mills of the Ural area of the U.S.S.R.

The men on the job developed their skills very quickly. Chinese workers who had had little or no previous experience installed one powerful electric motor for the rolling mill with a mechanical error of only 0.03 millimetres, and a second with an error of only 0.005 millimetres, although technical standards allow for 0.05 mm.

The finishing of these three projects is one step in the continuous construction which will ultimately transform Anshan into one of the world's biggest iron and steel centres. This year several more plants are scheduled to be completed—including an automatic sheet steel mill, a third automatic blast furnace and two new coke ovens. As production increases and skills improve, housing and welfare facilities for Anshan workers are also being extended. More than 358,800 square yards of housing floor-space is to be built in the city in the course of 1954.

More pictures on next two pages



This mill's production of rails is sufficient to supply all railway building in China during the first Five-Year Plan.

ANSHAN'S NEW ROLLING MILL



A Soviet expert inspects samples from one of the first batches of structural steel produced by the new mill.



SEAMLESS TUBING MILL



Wu Kuei-mou works on the automatic controls. He was trained in the Soviet Union while the mill was still under construction.

(Left) Cutting the steel slabs from which seamless tubing is made.

(Top) Many workers gathered to see China's first seamless tube leaving the piercing machine.

(Inset) Ho Shan-shu, a welder, helped build both the seamless tubing mill and the No. 7 furnace.

(Right) It takes only three workers to operate this huge automatic switchboard in the power-station of the mill.





SELLING GRAIN TO THE COOPERATIVE
Woodcut by Wang Chi

GRAIN PRODUCTION VICTORY

WU TA-SING

SINCE the liberation, and particularly since the land reform, Chinese peasants have worked better and more enthusiastically than ever before. Under the new and favourable conditions created by the people's political power, they have achieved an annual growth in grain output that has changed the entire food situation in China. The days when the country had to depend on foreign imports of food have receded into the past. So has the situation described in the peasant proverb, "Chaff, wild herbs, and half-a-year's grain to last a whole year".

At the time of writing, the full statistics for the 1953 grain crop are not yet in. Those already available, however, show that it certainly equalled and might well exceed that of 1952—the all-time record year in which the pre-war high mark was exceeded by 17 per cent. This is a very great victory, because weather conditions in some places were poor.

Many Local Advances

The good nationwide picture is a sum of many local advances. Kwangtung province, never before

self-sufficient in grain, became so in 1953. In Central-South China as a whole, grain production was 6 per cent above the 1952 total. In Southwest China grain output grew by 8 per cent in the same period. An investigation covering 410 counties in this region showed that 92.9 per cent of them had exceeded their 1952 crop.

In Northwest China, bumper harvests were gathered on 53 per cent of the total area planted with grain, ordinary harvests on 29 per cent, below-normal ones on only 18 per cent. Shensi, the chief grain

growing province in this region, raised its output 20 per cent above the 1952 figure.

These improvements, and others elsewhere in the country, were the result of policies adopted and implemented by the Communist party and the People's Government. The great land reform, basically completed in 1952, made the peasants masters of their land and crops, raising their enthusiasm for production. In 1953, there was a further increase in financial and technical aid to agriculture. On the basis of such aid, the peasants took new steps forward in organizing to work in common instead of separately, with a corresponding rise in efficiency and output. Adoption of scientific methods led to higher yields. The total area under cultivation was increased.

Policies for Production

In policy, many measures were taken to promote agricultural production. One important example is the agricultural tax. The principle is to base assessment strictly on the normal yield of the given piece of land, with such reductions and exemptions as are prescribed by law. A cultivator who increases his yield per unit above the normal level pays no tax on the excess. The incentive for increased productivity is thus very great. A government ruling adopted in 1953 lays down that agricultural taxes will not be raised in the forthcoming three years. The peasants can confidently buy more livestock, farm implements and fertilizer, being sure that the greater output resulting from the investment will remain wholly in their own hands.

The People's Government has also raised the prices it pays for some agricultural goods which it buys in the countryside, and cut the prices of some industrial goods. This has increased the real purchasing power of the cultivators, enabling them both to live better and to put more money back into production.

Wang Chao-yu, chairman of an agricultural producers' cooperative in Shantung province, shows visitors the co-op's wheat, grown by the close-planting method.

In all rural areas, the state trading organizations and supply-and-marketing cooperatives bring in goods needed by the population and contract in advance to buy their grain and other crops, enabling the peasants to work in the fields without worry.

Improvements in the procedure for government loans to peasants, introduced in 1953, encourage them to organize and make it still easier for mutual-aid teams, agricultural producers' cooperatives and needy individual cultivators to overcome temporary difficulties or make necessary outlays for productive purposes. In case of natural calamities, loan repayments are reduced, deferred or cancelled altogether to help the peasants get back on their feet.

Large-scale construction of water conservancy projects was continued and supplemented in 1953. Water-control installations built in the northwestern provinces of Shensi, Kansu, Ninghsia, Chinghai and Sinkiang extended irrigation to an additional 188,340 acres of land. In Hopei province in North China, where there was too much rain in the autumn of 1953, the government led the peasants to drain between 70 and 80 per cent of the soaked land in less than a month, so that the wheat was planted on time. In some rice-growing districts threatened by drought, new water-sources were found and the

difficulty overcome. Normal yields were thus guaranteed and in many cases exceeded.

More use was made of airplanes in the struggle against insects. In Sinkiang province, ten planes were employed to fight locusts. Such work is facilitated by the fact that China now produces a sufficient supply of her own modern insecticides such as DDT and "666". In addition to chemical sprays, peasants in the rice areas have been trained to destroy the eggs of borers and to kill moths by various methods. In Kiangsi province before the liberation, rice-borers affected more than 43 per cent of the paddy fields. In 1952, the proportion was down to 2.14 per cent, and in 1953 it was reduced further to 2 per cent. Disinfection was widely promoted: in 1953, 40 per cent of all wheat sown in Northeast China was so treated, an increase of 11 per cent over 1952. Statistics gathered from five counties showed that only 2 per cent of wheat from infected seed suffered from this pest. Where untreated seed was used, the proportion was 15 per cent.

Advances made in weather forecasting have helped the peasants, enabling them to prepare for bad conditions in adequate time.

Support to Peasants

Finally, direct state economic support given to the cultivators served further to increase the productive forces in the countryside,





A new irrigation channel in the outskirts of Wusih, Kiangsu province. Water is supplied by power-driven pumps.

as well as stimulated the adoption of better organization and techniques. More than ¥10,000,000 million had been lent to the peasants. Over 3.6 million tons of fertilizer were supplied to parts of the country other than the Northeast. The use of chemical fertilizers almost doubled as compared with 1952. New-type farm tools, sprayers for insecticides and other equipment were made available in great numbers. Most of these things reached the peasants through supply-and-marketing cooperatives in the rural areas.

Government authorities in Southwest China, after buying ¥40,800 million worth of farm implements, distributed them free of charge in the national minority districts, improving previously backward ways of cultivation and increasing the production of foodstuffs.

In calamity-stricken areas elsewhere in the country, large amounts of money and food were allotted for relief and the people were rallied to undo the damage due to natural causes. Some 100,000 tons of seed were distributed in areas of central and eastern China which suffered from late frosts.

Organization Grows

In 1953, more peasants became convinced of the benefits of joint work. Voluntary organization for

production increased in scope and improved in quality. The number of mutual-aid teams, which enable peasants to overcome shortage of manpower, implements and draught animals, grew to nearly 10 million. The agricultural producers' cooperative, a more advanced form in which the members invest their land as well as labour, animals and tools, became more popular. The number of such cooperatives grew from 3,600 in 1952 to more than 14,000 in 1953. At the end of the year, out of 110 million farm households in China, some 47,900,000 had joined one or other form of productive organization.

Agricultural producers' cooperatives, incorporating over 273,000 households, achieved particularly good results in increasing both the production of various crops and the income of the peasants. They are able to make proper use of the land, carry out a scientific division of labour, employ better methods and concentrate enough capital to buy chemical fertilizers and farm machinery. They represent a step forward from the simple mutual-aid team just as the mutual-aid team represents a step forward from individual farming.

A study of 312 agricultural producers' operatives in Northeast China showed that more than 88 per cent were producing better

yields than neighbouring mutual-aid teams. In Shantung province, an investigation of 757 cooperatives showed that 691 of them harvested better crops in 1953 than in 1952, some as much as 50 per cent more. In Shansi province the 984 agricultural producers' cooperatives in the Changchih district exceeded their 1952 grain crop by about 329,000 bushels. Moreover, the average yield on their fields was some 41 bushels per acre, 23 per cent more than their own figure for 1952 and over 30 per cent above the average for the whole district. Similar results were observed elsewhere.

Techniques Improved

As a result of land reform and increased organization, it has become possible to improve farming techniques. The principle has been to find the best methods in use among the people themselves, merge them with the lessons of modern science and spread them to whole areas.

A particularly striking example was the work of Jen Kuo-tung, secretary of the Communist party committee of Chaoyuan county in the Northeast, for which he was awarded the Gold Star Medal of the Ministry of Agriculture. His analysis of local farming experience and the resulting new methods of planting and transplanting corn led to a virtual doubling of grain production in the whole county in 1951-52.* This achievement is being propagated as a model for the entire nation. It proves the importance of scientific technique in the increase of agricultural yields, shows how to tap the latent reserves and stirs the interest of the people.

In 1953, similar analysis of local conditions, with the development and popularization of new methods suitable to the conditions in each area, raised the grain yield in many places. Altogether, such methods are estimated to have added nearly a million tons to the nation's 1953 grain crop.

The model peasant Chen Yung-kang, who grows rice on flooded paddy fields near Sungkiang in Kiangsu province, East China, has

*For further details see "Jen Kuo-tung and the Bumper Crop County", *China Reconstructs*, No. 6, 1953.



Members of the Chen Yung-kang mutual-aid team in Sungkiang, Kiangsu province, sunning their good rice crop.

applied the same principle with consistent success. He sows the seeds at fairly wide intervals to ensure healthy sprouts, then transplants them in such a way as to get more mature plants per unit area. In Chengshou district of Szechuan province, Southwest China, the peasants used the Chen Yung-kang method to overcome the effect of adverse natural conditions and grew 18 per cent more rice in 1953 than in 1952. Rice grown in flooded paddy fields accounts for more than 40 per cent of all grain grown in China. Last year, the nationwide yield on such fields was above the 1952 figure.

Scientific procedures were a big factor in the increase of the wheat crop in Shensi province in the Northwest, which has some 3.8 million acres planted with wheat. Half of this acreage was treated with top-dressing in 1953. The peasants of the Paochi district of Shensi province used to plant wheat by sowing broadcast, but in 1953 they planted more than 60 per cent of their wet-field wheat by drilling. The amount of seed used per acre was increased from the old average of 66 lb. to between 79 and 92 lb. More than 130,000 acres of wheat land were irrigated in the spring and winter. All this led to an average yield, throughout the province of nearly 20 bushels per acre, an increase of 30.6 per cent over 1952. The very best areas reaped double this figure or more.

Deep Ploughing Results

Deep ploughing, as well as close planting, has helped to increase production. In 1953 both methods

were adopted by more peasants. In Northeast China, deep ploughing has become general because modern agricultural implements have been promoted to a greater extent. Their use by agricultural producers' cooperatives in the suburbs of Shenyang (Mukden) resulted in a per-unit-area yield 50 per cent greater than that of individual cultivators in the same locality (for sorghum, millet and maize the yield was double). In Shensi province, close-planting was practised on one-fifth of the entire area under wheat. In Hopei, wheat yields were raised by 15 to 20 per cent. In 57 counties of Northeast China, the average for millet was 45 bushels per acre.

Other aids to good crops which were introduced on a much wider scale than heretofore were heavier manuring, the use of selected seed, and autumn or winter ploughing. At the same time, there was an increase of the sown area throughout the nation by about 9 per cent as compared with 1952.

Fundamentally, the victory on the grain front in 1953 is a result of the fact that the people are in power. As the organization of agricultural production improves further and more and more peasants join mutual-aid teams and agricultural producers' cooperatives, the conditions will be created for the establishment of a socialist agriculture in China.



Model peasant Chang Kuan-keng heads a mutual-aid team in Chekiang province. The team increased its per-acre yield by 10 per cent in 1953.

Election in the Countryside

HSIAO FENG

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS now, China's first nationwide election movement has been sweeping the country, opening new vistas of political activity for the people. Everywhere, and particularly in the agricultural areas, one of the achievements of the movement has been the awakening of women to fuller participation in public affairs. All these features were well illustrated by what happened in Tsaikungchuang, on the western outskirts of Peking.

The basic rural electoral unit is the *hsiang* (an administrative unit composed of several villages). Tsaikungchuang, with its eleven villages, belongs to this category. The registration of voters there began last June, at the height of the busy season. The peasants were at work, day and night, on their wheat, corn and vegetable plots. String beans and strawberries were just being got ready for the market. When representatives of the Peking municipal election committee, sent to start off the campaign, arrived in Tsaikungchuang, it was already

dark, but the squeaking of water-wheels and the sound of the cucumbers being watered could still be heard.

The Work Begins

The next morning the visitors helped the local government personnel and peasants active in social matters to form their own local election committee. The committee had the job of propagating the election law, making the peasants fully conscious of their rights, and carrying out the registration. After this was completed, it was their task to divide the whole body of voters into small groups for more convenient discussion during the period of nomination of candidates. Finally, they were to record the actual votes cast. To be elected were 35 deputies to the *hsiang* people's congress, who would in turn elect, from their own number, the *hsiang* people's government and two delegates to the people's congress of the next highest administrative unit, the district.



Publicising the Election Law in Peking's rural outskirts

From the beginning, the committee had to face many problems. One was to carry out the campaign without interfering with agricultural work. The peasants themselves insisted on this. Things were so busy that they grudged even the hours spent at mutual-aid team meetings necessary to the work itself. They were still not too clear about what the election had to do with them, and if they thought it would hurt production they would lose interest altogether.

The first way the committee tried to tackle the difficulty was to borrow a loudspeaker system from a nearby building project, so that they could speak to the peasants in the fields. This did not improve matters much; it was no substitute for personal contact. Yet to get people to meetings was very hard too. The mutual-aid team headed by Mao Ching had nine men away on a building job and was tilling their wheat and sorghum plots with its remaining manpower. The team's wheat was ripe, the sweet-potato fields badly needed weeding and the peasants were at their wits' end as to how to manage. The members of the committee realized that success or failure in the local campaign hinged on whether they could solve this knotty but typical problem. So they went to all the other mutual-aid groups in the *hsiang* and asked for volunteers to help the hard-pressed team. They also talked to the nine men working on the construction who agreed to put in extra time in the fields when they came home at night. Soon the urgent jobs had been done and Mao Ching, the team-leader, was so relieved that he agreed to take on the chairmanship of one of the election groups.

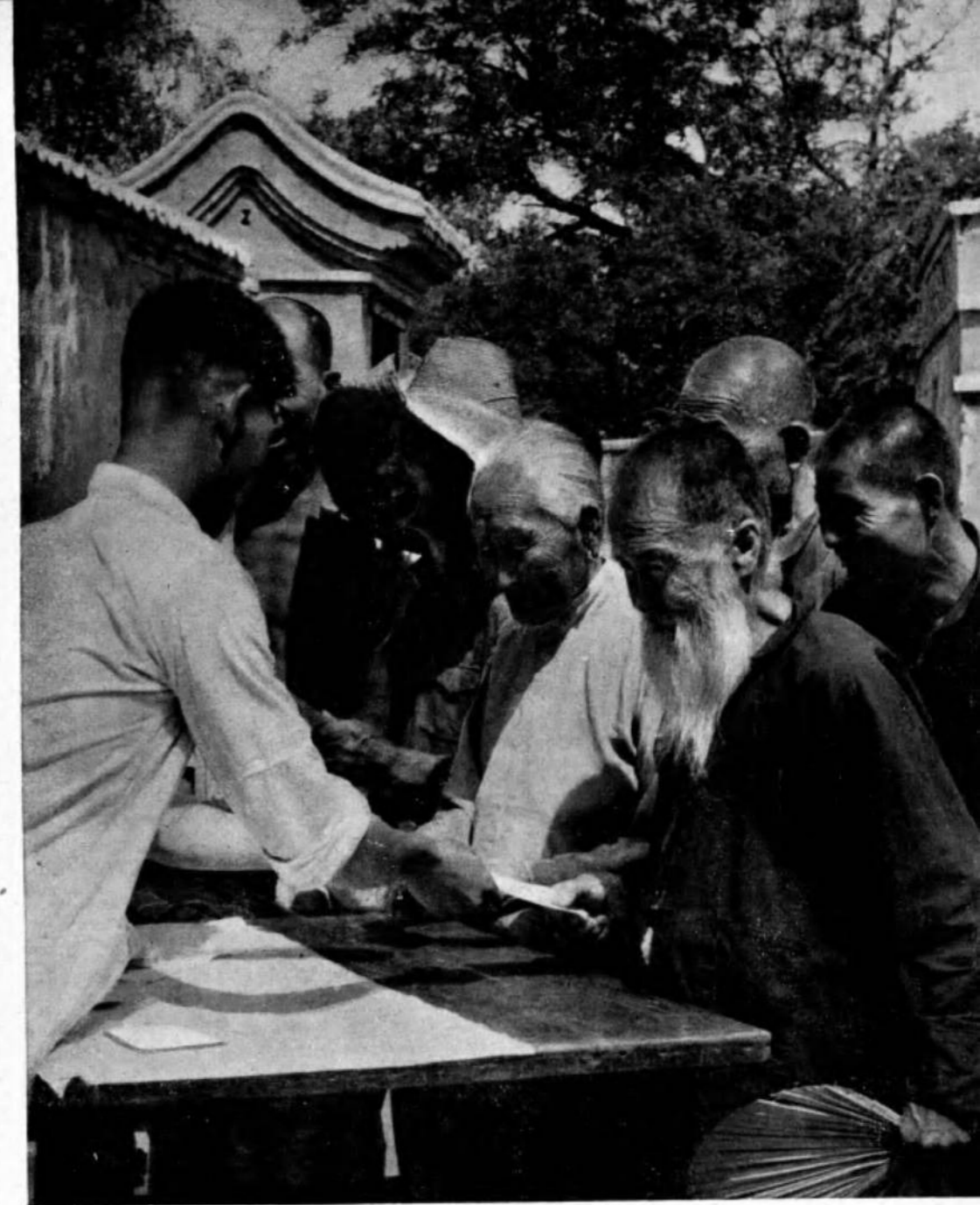
In the registration of voters and the concurrent taking of the nationwide census, four booths were set up in the fields. When

even queueing up at those proved burdensome to the peasants, still another method was adopted. The election committee went out to the fields in the noon work-break to take names and do the registering. They also visited homes to list the housewives, the old and the children.

Activizing the Women

Another thing that had to be done was to make women active in the campaign. Under the laws of new China, women have equal rights with men in all respects, including the right to vote and to be elected. It is the policy to see not only that they participate in every field of productive work but also that they are properly represented in the organs of state power, so that their needs and desires may be met by the government. In Tsaikungchuang, as elsewhere, women formed about half the population. Some were busy with household duties and children, but most worked in the fields, having received land in the land reform in which they had shown themselves determined fighters. Since that time, however, they had taken little part in public matters. The women's association was dormant and one could still hear, among the old women, such sayings as: "We eat the leftovers; let the men manage affairs."

The election committee itself was formed with four women members who were natives of the *hsiang*. Through them contact was made with several young girls who had worked as propagandists in the various villages and had good friends in many a household. These young girls grasped the importance of the elections readily. They accompanied the election committee members on visits to talk to the local women. Because the local government personnel had paid little attention to them in the past, these women were surprised, but they made the election workers very welcome. Good relations were quickly established. Women began turning up at meetings, many with their children. The older ones stopped referring to themselves as "eaters of leftovers" and came too, bringing stools to sit on and following the proceed-



Registration cards are issued.

ings with the greatest attention. If one didn't see it with one's own eyes, one would hardly believe that our rural women, so long home-bound, could develop such an enthusiasm for politics.

In Tsaikungchuang, even though the women worked in the fields and many had become model labourers, they had seldom been included in important discussions. Kuo Chien-chen, for instance, the wife of the *hsiang* chairman, was respected by everyone in the mutual-aid team to which she belonged for her conscientiousness in work. But when village meetings or even meetings of her own mutual-aid team were called, nobody ever bothered to tell her. When someone had suggested it, the answer was: "She's fifty

already. Being out in the fields all day is hard enough. Why disturb her any more?" But when the committee invited her to an election meeting Kuo Chien-chen not only did not feel that it was an imposition but was very happy to be asked. Before long she was one of the *hsiang's* 60 electors-group chairmen, and among the most active.

The lists of voters, written in bold black characters on red paper, were posted in the villages nine days after the registration. Before they had been up for ten minutes crowds gathered around them despite the drizzling rain. Mothers came out with their children, over whom they carefully held umbrellas. Some of the women had used their legal

option and registered under their maiden names. Thus Wang Shu-hsien appeared as Shih Shu-hsien and Wang Chao as Chao Shen-chih. Many who read the lists wondered: Who were these people? Why had they never been seen in the village? When they finally made the connections, they couldn't help smiling and laughing. Happiest of all were the women themselves. It was something undreamed of to have their names in such a place, for everyone to see.

How Nominations Were Made

The next step was the discussion of nominations in each group. First, there was much talk about the desirable and undesirable qualities in a candidate. Sentiment was strong against putting up bossy people, or hot-tempered ones whose eyes "pop out like buns when they are annoyed". But after a while it was decided that good temper and honesty were also not enough. It was necessary to have representatives who had shown that they could get things done, and who would therefore make able public servants. But what constituted ability? Some said the important thing was to get around the *hsiang*, and talk to everyone, so they suggested those who owned bicycles. Others insisted that education was a pre-requisite, because "how can an illiterate get our wishes to the government and

interpret government directives to us?" Still others said that knowledge of farming was most important, because every local matter was tied up with it, and that only good workers who could lead the people in production should be named. After long discussion, a list of the necessary qualifications was drawn up. "The candidate must be politically dependable and a good worker, have a sense of justice and be loyal to the people. He or she must have a good personal attitude, and be capable of leadership in production."

Having settled this general question, the next one was: who would fit the bill? Hot discussions arose. Some favoured one person, some another. Soon the nominations far outnumbered the number of deputies to be chosen, and all were so earnestly put forward that no one wanted to withdraw a choice. Now there were no more complaints of too many meetings: it was felt that more were needed to thrash things out. After each gathering, groups of people stood around arguing far into the night. The elections became the main topic of conversation.

Discussing the Candidates

The *hsiang* Communist party, the Youth League, Women's Association and other people's organizations put out a tentative

list which was discussed along with the other suggestions. The most time was spent in talking about the existing *hsiang* government personnel, who had been chosen among the local people for qualities shown in the land reform. Should they be re-elected? How could their work be improved?

Kuo Yung-hai, a propagandist for the local Communist party committee was vice-chairman of the people's *hsiang* government. He was a poor peasant who had assumed his first public post in 1950. Because he consulted with the people in everything he did, his prestige was high. He was never arrogant with anyone who came to him, and never delayed in what had to be done. An enthusiastic leader in production, he had always helped others with their harvests before attending to his own. His selflessness was universally appreciated and the suggestion to nominate him was acclaimed by all.

Chi Yu-ho, secretary of the *hsiang* government, also won quick approval. Although he had a paralyzed mother and a nursing baby, nobody had ever known him to plead family burdens when there was work at hand, even if at night. He had a very clear mind and did not muddle things or make mistakes.

The voters decided, without dissent, to nominate these two men as deputies and to recommend that they be sent up to the district congress, as well.

Not all the government personnel, however, had the same good reputation. One man, Wu Ching-lin, was widely disliked. After the land reform, he had managed to manoeuvre the division of the landlord's effects in such a way as to get a lot of furniture for his own use. What he liked most of all was to issue orders; and if anything was not to his liking he cursed and raged. When his name was discussed, one peasant got up and said: "Why talk about it? Now is our chance to depose this little

emperor." This was the general opinion, and he was not on the list of nominees.

Much argument developed around Fang Yung-kuei, the *hsiang* government chairman. His diligence was recognized: he was tireless and often stayed on the job, without going home, for days on end. He too had been a poor peasant and his record in the land reform was spotless. His habits were simple, his usual food was rolls of millet bread which he carried around wrapped in a cloth. In his work he was impartial. But he was also terribly impatient. If he thought of something, he expected everyone to agree that it was good and to do it on the run. At first very few were willing to vote for him.

At a criticism meeting which all candidates had to go through, one person asked him: "Why do you always puff out your whiskers and pop your eyes? Why, if there are three ways of saying something, do you pick the most offensive one every time?" Even those who took his side said he must change his bureaucratic ways. Hearing such comments, Fang Yung-kuei was honestly shocked. He got up at a meeting and said: "I'm just like a tree; if it isn't pruned it'll grow wild. Your criticism is the pruning I need. It will help me to serve you." After this the voters began to talk about his good points and decided to give him another chance.

Among the preliminary nominees who had not held public office before was a personable young fellow named Chang Yung-ping. Everybody liked him, everybody, that is, who hadn't had to work with him. In his mutual-aid team he wasn't popular at all. He had once been its chairman and had started off with big ideas about enlarging the team. But his leadership had been so poor that the members were always quarrelling and no difficulty was ever solved. Finally, the team-members had replaced him with Yang Fu-hai, a very quiet fellow who did not make any sort of impression at all at first glance. Yang proved a very good chairman. The team put him up as candidate in the electoral group to which it belonged. In joint meetings of several groups, it



Four of Tsai-kung-chuang's newly elected deputies.

challenged the nomination to Chang Yung-ping, whose name was dropped.

A Festive Election

The election itself was on July 18, after discussion had continued for a month and most of the eliminations had already been made. Dressed up in their best, the peasants went to the *hsiang* polling centre, a big tree-shaded courtyard festooned for the occasion with red cloth streamers. The young people sang and carried flowers. The women wore gay cotton prints. The old men had combed and smoothed their beards with special care. There were even some blind people, stroking their voting certificates and smiling as broadly as anyone else.

Most of the people had already agreed on the names remaining on the list, and there was a big show of hands as each was announced. It was remarked that the wife of secretary Chi Yu-ho, who had been against his being a deputy because he would have even less time to attend to family affairs, nevertheless voted for her husband. What was more, her face shone with happiness when she saw every hand go up for him.

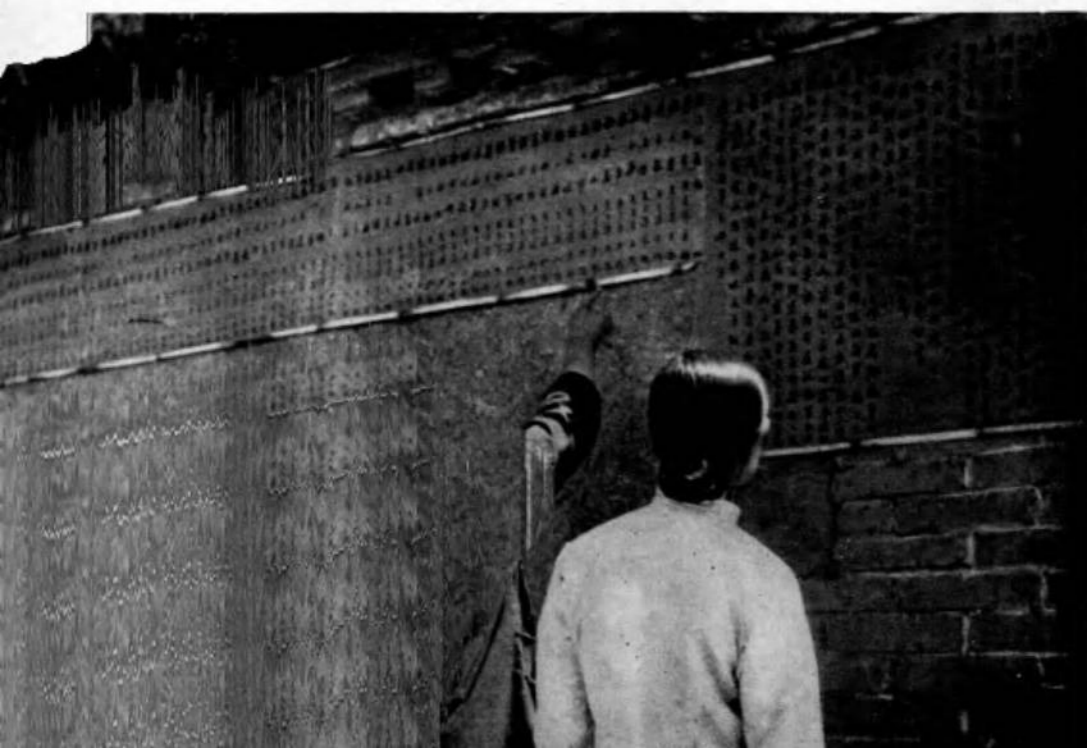
Chi Yu-ho and vice-chairman Kuo Yung-hai were elected. So was Chairman Fang Yung-kuei. Among the new deputies were seven women. Shih Yu-hsiang, of Manchu nationality, was a worker in the women's association.

Tseng Shu-hsing, a young girl, was one of the village propagandists. The 35 deputies elected also included mutual aid-team leader Yang Fu-hai and the Young League member Chang Kuo-ping. No section of the *hsiang* population remained unrepresented—the peasants, the construction and cement-factory workers, or the merchants.

The New Deputies

Every elected deputy was presented with flowers and took a seat on the rostrum. Each gave a brief speech. Chang Shu-ming, a housewife with a big family who was known as capable and just but had never taken part in public affairs before the election campaign, spoke in a voice that trembled a little. "I have never talked in front of so many people before. Now you've chosen me, please help me by criticizing any faults I show while they're still small; don't let them grow into big ones. That way, the people's work will be well done."

Going back to their homes, the voters of Tsai-kung-chuang felt that they had carried out a very important task. More than ever, they felt that the government, and the whole country were their own. They were also happy that the election process had been so thorough. "Everyone chosen is fully qualified," said one woman, echoing the general feeling. "We didn't satisfy ourselves with second-raters. We picked the best people in the *hsiang*."



The voters' list is eagerly read by women, young and old.

Highway Workers Build a Club

HUANG YUAN



"Welcome to our club . . ."

IN THE PERIOD since liberation, tremendous efforts have been made to bring cultural facilities to all the people of China. Each year, very big sums are appropriated for this purpose by local governments and organizations. Today there is no city district or rural county without its cultural station where anyone can find books, magazines and newspapers to read, indoor and outdoor games to play and musical instruments of many types to practise or perform on. In many cases, too, these centres have well-equipped grounds for the athletically inclined.

Gradually, such activities are spreading even to the smallest villages and hamlets. Last year, when my medical work took me to the remote mountains of Fukien province, I came across a team of highway workers beginning to re-model an old house into a club. The house was a mere skeleton. It had no doors or windows and there were big cracks in the walls. The sagging ceilings and the corners of the rooms were

festooned with cobwebs. Rats and insects ran about the floors. The brick floor was mossy with age. Dirt and rubbish were everywhere. The open drains were choked with mud. Apparently the house had been deserted a long time ago, when the landlords were running from the People's Liberation Army. For the life of me, I could not see how anything could be done with it.

SOME WEEKS LATER, when I went to the place again, I could hardly believe my eyes. The creative hands of men working for themselves had changed everything. There were new doors with rattan fastenings, and woven-lattice windows. The front court was swept spotless, the drains had been scoured and everything was in good order. The walls had been repaired. Above the entrance was a rectangular paper lantern inscribed: "Workers' Club".

Seeing these words, I could not help thinking how wonderful are the times in which we live. My

mind ran over the bitter past of China's toiling people, their joyous present and the bright prospects ahead. As I stood there, a man came out of the house. I recognized him as the work-team leader, Teng Wu-lung. He greeted me heartily:

"Welcome to our club, Doctor."

Seeing that I was looking at the lantern, his eyes followed mine and the smile on his sun-tanned face became even broader.

"Didn't I tell you we would change it into a paradise?" he asked triumphantly.

I remembered, of course. Those were the very words he had used when, on my previous visit, I had sharply criticized the mess around the house on grounds of hygiene. Not wishing to twit me further for the skepticism with which I had then received his remark, he added earnestly:

"Doctor, we've lived in much worse places than this one and still kept everything neat and clean. Our team has built con-

crete bridges across ravines and rapids. It's not much of a job to fix up a little house."

"You must be very happy," I said. I hadn't intended to say anything so trite, but the words just came out of my mouth.

"Sure we are," Teng grinned. Then he touched my shoulder:

"Listen, Doctor."

From the direction of the club came the sound of a melodious soprano voice accompanied by a Chinese violin and flute. The song was the popular favourite *Erh Lang Shan*, about the peaceful liberation of Tibet.

"Come on in," said Teng, taking my arm as if afraid that I would be reluctant. Actually, I needed no urging.

"Who is singing?" I asked curiously, since I did not remember seeing a woman in the team.

"The wife of one of our workers," he answered. "Don't you think she's good?" This was only half a question, since his own opinion was obvious.

I nodded in agreement.

The gathering was in the rear court, where some twenty workers were sitting on stools made by themselves. The singer was rather young, and when she saw us she blushed and stopped. There was more applause but despite persuasion she would not go on. I would have felt very embarrassed if a young worker of about twenty had not produced a harmonica and begun to play it.

I enjoyed the entertainment very much. "Do you do this every day?" I asked Teng.

"No," he said. "Some evenings the workers like to play chess or read, and we are beginning to rehearse a play."

After the performance, Teng took me into the main hall and showed me a file of the trade-union organ, *The Worker*, many well-thumbed picture books, and sets of chess, playing cards and other games. "We have some

more stuff, also cymbals, drums, gongs and pipes. Do you want to see them?" he asked.

I shook my head. How little I knew about the workers, I thought to myself as I thanked him and went back to my own affairs.

A COUPLE of days later, returning at sunset after spending a whole afternoon with a delirious malaria patient, I saw Teng standing out in the open blowing his whistle.

"What, going to work again?" I inquired.

"Yes, work," he said in his usual joking way. "We're going to learn what's happening in the world."

In a few moments many of the men had gathered in a circle, bringing the stools out of their quarters. One of them, Chou Hsiu-kung, produced a copy of the newspaper and began to read aloud. He started with an item of international news, adding his own comments on its relationship to the war in Korea. Then he began on another. "This one touches our own work here," he said by way of introduction. "It's about the emulation drive. We'll see how others do things well, and then do them ourselves."

I admired the way Chou was able to stimulate the interest of his hearers beforehand and answer questions afterwards. I spoke of this to Teng, who said:

"Yes, he is a clever fellow. You may find it hard to believe, but when he joined our work team he couldn't read a single character. He's come a long way by studying hard."

"Do you have classes all the time?" I asked.

"Not exactly. But besides learning by ourselves, we set aside a month or two each year especially for study. Before we came on this job, we studied for two months. I can write letters myself now."

"You mean that you, a team leader, were illiterate?"

"Sure, I worked in an iron foundry in Shanghai for ten years but they expected us to live on dirt then, even when we were lucky enough not to be unemployed. Who cared whether I read or not, or enjoyed life, or lived at all. It's different today. I read books."

I recalled the pride with which he had shown me his small personal library: some works by Chairman Mao, a reader for workers and peasants and a thick book containing librettos for the Peking opera.

"The construction headquarters mails new books and magazines to our group all the time," Teng went on. "Of course, not all of us can read them yet. But everyone, at least, enjoys the picture stories. Nothing is grudged us these days. We hear there's some athletic equipment coming and the men are already picking teams. Come around to the club



"Come on, show the Doctor something about chess!"

and you'll see something new almost every day. And even when you don't, you'll have a good time."

During the rest of my stay, I formed a habit of dropping into the club when free. One thing that surprised me was the workers' skill at chess. I have always been fond of the game and am considered a fairly good player, but here I very often came off second best. Over the board, the workers would encourage my opponent:

"Come on, show the Doctor something about chess that he never knew before."

And he usually did.

ONE SUNDAY afternoon last September, just before National Day, I saw a whole bunch of the highway builders starting out for the nearby town in holiday dress. Their faces were a picture of happiness.

"Where are you off to?" I asked.

"To a competition," my friend Teng Wu-lung shouted back. "We're going to have a tug-o'-war with another trade-union team there."

"Don't let them lick you," I said encouragingly.

"How can they?" he laughed. "We'll win."

When the men came back that evening I could see from their tired but pleased faces that they had come out on top and had a thoroughly good time.

"What did I tell you?" Teng said triumphantly. "We defeated the best tug-o'-war team of the lot."

"Now we'd better start on basketball," one of the men interjected.

"We can. Basketballs and volleyballs are coming from headquarters," Teng said, "and our ground is almost ready."

In fact a new house for the highway maintenance team was springing up nearby, and a field had already been levelled, with net-posts and baskets set up.

THE SOLICITUDE of the government for the workers' culture and recreation was evidenced in other ways. Along the whole highway tract, there was a special cultural instructor for every hundred or so workers. One evening, I saw the one assigned to our group leading a chorus in the song *We Workers Have Strength*. About fifty of the men were learning the words and melody verse by verse. They were working hard at it, some of them even sweating with the effort. After a few repetitions, they had mastered their parts and their voices rang out clearly.

We put up tall buildings, dig mines and build railways



"Noticing a pamphlet by his bed, I picked it up."

And we have altered the face of the earth.

During a period of two months, we were visited twice by a mobile movie projection team and once by a cultural troupe. Besides newsreels, three documentary films were shown: *Harnessing the Huai River*, *Building Our Industry* and *Constructing the Chengtu-Chungking Railway*. After seeing them, the workers had animated discussions and made pledges to do more for the industrialization that is the road to prosperity for all. The cultural troupe caused something of a sensation. They presented choral numbers, dances and short plays. Before they departed, our workers reciprocated by putting on their own Chinese drama show. Some of them showed considerable talent. The visiting artists enjoyed it and gave suggestions for improvement.

TOWARD the end of my stay I was called to treat a young fellow of 24 named Tsao Teh-wen, who had fallen ill. He was the husband of the girl I had heard singing on my first visit to the club. Noticing a pamphlet by his bed, I picked it up and found it was about the Marriage Law.

"You're married already," I chaffed. "It's a little late for you to read this."

He answered: "It's just because I'm married, Doctor. My mind has been full of old-type nonsense about husbands and wives and I want our family to be in tune with the new society."

"So you should, or else I'll haul you to court one day," his young wife, who was standing by him, shot back, quick as a flash.

And they both smiled.

Leaving the happy couple, I noticed a slogan on the doorpost of their hostel.

"Let us never forget our liberator, the Communist party."

Indeed, the workers will never forget the great force that made them masters in their own land, that led them to a new life and opened the door to the limitless future.

Drawings by Ah Fu

Battling The "Black Frost"

CHEN HUNG-CHIN



Hsieh Hsin-fang (left), chairman of a Peasants' Association in Ichuan, Honan province, shows his neighbours the new shoots that have grown from the roots of his frost-nipped wheat after irrigation.

SPRING in 1953 was as warm as in former years. The sun shone on the wheat shoots in the fields of Honan province along the Yellow River.

A production drive was under way in the countryside. Villages where the crops were growing well were held up as examples to their neighbours. Emulation drives were launched and better techniques promoted. The peasants cared for the wheat shoots as loving mothers care for their infants. Through newspaper articles, broadcasts and meetings, the progress of the wheat crops in each locality was made known to the people. A good harvest seemed certain.

Then, one April morning, peasants farming some two million acres awoke to find that most of their precious green wheat had turned black and limp. This was the effect of a sudden frost in the middle of the night. Such spring frosts disappear before daybreak leaving only the blackened plants bending low in the fields. Hence the name "black frost" which the peasants gave to this dread calamity long ago.

History of Disaster

Centrally located, Honan province had long been the country's worst disaster areas. In ancient days it was constantly ravaged by wars between North

and South. The Yellow River flooded it repeatedly, wiping out crops and people.

Because the calamities here had been so much more protracted and severe, the recovery was slower than in other places. This explains why, even in 1953, the reserves in the hands of the people were not sufficient to enable them to stand the loss of a year's crop. It also explains why the first reaction of the peasants to the "black frost" was the old, familiar one of despair.

In the old days when a "black frost" occurred, men and women, old and young, would lie down in the fields between the rows of stricken wheat beating their chests and crying in the local custom known as "wailing over the wheat". They mourned for the crop as for a beloved person who had died. When such catastrophes happened in times past, great numbers of peasants simply moved away, selling their cattle and implements for whatever price they could get.

The Fight Begins

But the peasants today are not living in old China. On the fourth day after the cold wave, the Honan Bureau of Agriculture and Forestry issued detailed directions on how the frost-bitten wheat could be saved with irrigation and extra manuring.

These instructions breathed confidence. They were accompanied by a report on how state farms and agricultural experimental stations had already revived 85 per cent of their wheat shoots.

On the fifth day, the Honan provincial committee of the Communist party mobilized all its workers to go to the villages to help the people and to put a stop to such desperate measures as the sale of cattle and tools and the pulling up of wheat shoots to make place for other crops. They organized village forums at which the old men were asked to tell what ways of fighting the "black frost" they remembered from the past. Some of the stories that came out dated back a half century or more. The lesson they contained coincided with the advice of the authorities: new shoots could spring from the roots of frost-nipped wheat if enough water was supplied.

The old men's words made a particularly deep impression on the people. So did a letter from model peasant Su Tien-hsuan, who reported the agricultural producers' cooperative to which he belonged had taken prompt measures and, though now unable to reach the record of 27.4 bushels per acre which it had set itself, still hoped to get 19.6 bushels—which was more than the previous year's average. After this the



After the new shoots had sprouted, the peasants weeded the fields with extra care to ensure a maximum crop.

peasants worked in their fields with energy and hope. At the same time, they undertook "self-relief through subsidiary production", weaving baskets and mats for the market to make up for losses in crop income.

The Tide Turns

In the course of continuous discussions, peasant after peasant got up to recall how life in Honan had changed in the few years since liberation, how population had increased, production and income had risen, new houses had been built, and new implements and cattle had been bought. The whole atmosphere began to change. The ancient fear of being "forsaken" disappeared as each day brought concrete proof that they were not alone. In a period of only five days the provincial people's government of Honan distributed ¥8,360,000,000 in direct relief. It also increased the number of subsidies to students in the schools and, in the seriously affected areas, re-arranged school times so that the pupils could help in saving the crops and still not miss out on their education. These measures had a calming effect upon the peasants and there was no more talk of moving away.

The provincial trade union council, with 600,000 members, pledged concrete aid by direct

contributions; and the mobilization of handicraftsmen, trades people and transport workers to make sure that consumers' goods continued to flow in. The federation also undertook to see that merchants did not hoard or raise prices to take advantage of the calamity.

State trading organizations dispatched buyers to the villages to purchase subsidiary local products other than grain, such as pigs, homespun cloth, lumber, baskets, mats and saltpetre, in return for which they supplied goods needed by the peasants.

Whole Nation Helps

On the eleventh day after the frost, the Vice-Minister of Food of the Central People's Government came to Honan and made a survey. By that time rice, wheat, millet, sorghum and beans were already arriving from the Northeast, from Shansi and Suiyuan provinces in North China, Hupeh and Hunan in the Central-South, and Szechuan in the Southwest. Unloaded at railway stations and wharves throughout Honan, the grain was taken deep into the countryside by bullock cart, wheelbarrow or barge. A part of it was put on the market to stabilize prices and counteract any attempt by speculators to profit from the

scarcity. A part was distributed free to peasants whose fields had suffered badly.

As harvest-time approached, the government gave further aid to the peasants. Households whose crop was less than 40 per cent of normal were exempted from taxation and the repayment of agricultural loans. Other families, which had suffered less badly, had their taxes cut and received time-extensions on debts. For the next planting, high quality seeds were distributed. Who was to benefit from the cancellation or reduction of taxes and loan payments, as well as from relief in seed and supplies, was decided upon in each case by meetings of the peasants themselves.

Such is the story of how the people, led by the Communist party and the government, combated the calamity and overcame it. When the frost struck, the peasants of Honan, basing themselves on past experience, did not expect to harvest more than 20 per cent of the expected wheat crop. But in fact, owing to the active and many-sided fight that was waged, they harvested 60 per cent of the 1953 estimate—no less than that of an ordinary year. No one went hungry. There were no refugees. Seeing the prosperous towns and villages of the province, one could never believe that 1953 was a year of the "black frost".

CHINESE CURRENCY

Readers who wish to form an idea of the value of Chinese People's Currency (Yuan) may be guided by the following prices as of January 15, 1954.

Rice	¥ 1,270 per lb.
Cotton cloth	¥ 2,850 per foot
Coal	¥13,630 per 100 lbs.

These and other basic items in the cost of living have been steady for the past three years, with substantial decreases in some cases.

The foreign exchange quotations on the same day were: ¥23,430 for U.S. \$1.00 (note) and ¥68,590 for £1 (telegraphic transfer).

Traditional Painters Find New Themes

WANG CHAO-WEN

Examination for Mamma
by Chiang Yen



EVERYONE who has seen traditional Chinese paintings knows how successfully they unite the portrayal of objects with the communication of feeling. No matter what they painted, human figures or landscapes, flowers or birds, the best artists of old China did more than reproduce their appearance. They aimed at penetrating deeper into reality by showing the inter-relationship between different objects and phenomena. At the same time, through their pictures, they expressed their own thoughts and feelings. It was their opinion that every image must be steeped in the emotion of the painter.

This ancient Chinese tradition of realism later underwent a decline, reaching its low point under the Kuomintang regime. With the exception of a few remarkably talented and creative figures like Chi Pai-shih*, most painters confined themselves to imitating the form and content of ancient masterpieces. At that time only a small number of wealthy upstarts could afford to purchase works of art, and the vulgar tastes of the buyers influenced the productions of some painters. Moreover, the painters became separated

from the infinitely rich experience of life and struggle. They made a fetish of technical conformity, following most punctiliously the time-honoured rules of composition, brushwork and colouring. But they were unable to make these techniques, devised by artists whose work reflected the life of another epoch, serve the needs of the present. The result was poverty of content and monotony of form.

A Fresh Beginning

Since the liberation, Chinese artists in the traditional style have been deeply influenced by Chairman Mao Tse-tung's writings on literature and art. They have

* For colour reproductions of this artist's work, see "Four Paintings by Chi Pai-shih", *China Reconstructs* No. 1, 1953



New Year Visit by Liu Tze-chiu

influences of the old society and to respond to the demands of the times. The National Exhibition of Traditional Chinese Paintings, held in Peking in the autumn of 1953, showed the first results of this process. It consisted of 245 paintings, chosen out of a total of 842 collected from all over the country by the Ministry of Culture of the Central People's Government. Represented was the work of some two hundred artists, ranging from a distinguished contingent of well-known painters headed by the 94-year-old Chi Pai-shih to young men and women, previously unknown. The style was traditional—but the appearance of new themes made the exhibition more varied in subject matter and treatment than any in the past. Alongside the pictures showing the grandeur of our country's mountains and rivers and depicting its flowers and birds which the people love, there were paintings reflecting the contemporary life of China:

accepted the principle that art should serve the working people—and the people have become their patron and audience. Today, paintings hang in meeting halls, palaces of culture, trade union clubs and exhibitions open to all. Naturally, the people want art works that reflect the new life of which they are the builders, and the new thoughts and feelings that agitate their minds and hearts. They ask for paintings that are imbued with the active, optimistic spirit of present-day life in China.

During the four years since the liberation, Chinese painters have been struggling to meet the fresh tasks and opportunities that now face them. They have worked hard to shake off the deadening

economic construction, the struggle for peace, cultural activities and the people's leaders. The latter included *Offering a Horse* by Ho Jo-ssu, showing Commander-in-Chief Chu Teh receiving a gift from members of the minority nationalities and *Vice-Chairman Soong Loves Children*, by Liu Tan-chai, in which Vice-Chairman Soong Ching Ling is seen among the children on whose behalf she has done so much work.

Other paintings which reflect the greatness and beauty of life in the new China included *Examination for Mamma* by Chiang Yen and *The Forest* by Li Hsiung-tsai, which are reproduced in these pages; *Life Gets Better Year by Year* by Chiang Chao-ho;

New-Year Visit by Liu Tze-chiu; *Morning on Chilien Mountain* by Tung Hsi-wen; and *Day Lily* by Shao I-ping. Their creators have broken out of the constricting custom of imitating ancient paintings which showed the men, women and events of a past age. Their appearance demonstrates that to paint new people and events has become more than an intention of our artists; that it is an exciting fact.

The Way Forward

Though the many thousands of visitors to the exhibition did not think that every work had fully developed the potentialities of our fine national tradition, or that every attempt to reflect the living realities of today was as truthful or moving as it might have been, all were happy that our artists had



Day Lily by Shao I-ping

taken this new direction. The guest book was full of statements of congratulation and gratitude to the painters, coupled with criticisms and suggestions for further improvement.

Our painters themselves are aware that this is only a beginning. They too are in no way complacent about the results so far achieved. At discussion meetings organized by the Union of Chinese Artists, they have expressed their determination to gain a more intimate knowledge and deeper understanding of the people's life. It is their conviction that only in this way can they develop the realistic tradition of national painting and achieve the combination of form with emotion that is its very essence. If the artist does not feel and fully comprehend the character of the new people who are changing the face of China, he cannot use the wonderful techniques that we have inherited to portray what is going on today.

Precious Legacy

Ancient Chinese painting was distinctly national in character. The old artists found beauty everywhere. They could show a common thing like a tree, a stone, a bird or a flower so that it appeared lovable and full of the joy of life. Their technique was precise and expressive. Paintings were executed with soft brushes, black ink and water-colour on specially-prepared absorbent paper or silk. The best of the painters could create living, interest-exciting forms with a few firm brush strokes, presenting what was most essential and significant in both the outward aspect and the inner nature of the subject.

The artists of new China prize this heritage not because it is old, not because it produced great works in its own time, but because it can be put to use in reflecting and serving the liberated people. The masters of the past never looked upon their art as stagnant; they saw it as a living thing. This is proved by their sayings: that art should "provide education and help human re-



Chi Pai-shih, 94-year-old painter, still works in his studio every day in Peking.

lationship"; that artists should "learn from nature"; and that "the innermost thoughts of the ancients cannot replace our own". The painters of the new China agree with this view. They recognize that art must educate, that life is the only source of creation and that it is important to bring one's outlook and emotions into harmony with the foremost thought of today—Marxism-Leninism. Their aim is to create paintings that give a true reflection of reality and at the same time move, unite, encourage and educate the people.

Pioneer Works

Can the traditional technique serve as a vehicle for new ideas and feelings? A positive answer is given by such works as "Examination for Mamma". Though not without technical defects, this painting has the merit of being a creative, truthful and living reflection of contemporary life. The theme is one that can be observed daily in the villages and towns of New China—a little schoolgirl teaching her mother to read. The artist has captured the drama of this seemingly commonplace situation. The mother, who is being examined on her lessons, is musing happily. She seems to smile

and yet does not. Her eyes are neither on the paper nor on the child. The daughter, wanting to "stump" her mother, has raised a difficult question and thinks this great fun. The two are teacher and pupil but not ordinary teacher and pupil. They are mother and daughter but not only mother and daughter. By ingenious arrangement of significant and characteristic detail, the painter makes a natural, simple and reasonable statement of the relationship between the two.

Besides showing the love between the mother and daughter, the painting conveys the warm sympathy of the young woman artist for the two characters she has painted. Because she has this feeling, and understands the social significance of the situation she portrays, the picture is free from cold objectivism and all tendencies merely to imitate an old theme.

"Examination for Mamma" and other paintings, such as the exquisite "Day Lily", moved visitors to the exhibition deeply. This was because their creators faced reality. The reality of the new China enables artists to exert their creative powers fully. It is a guarantee that Chinese painting will grow in beauty and vigour.

Five Chinese Paintings



Mandarin Ducks

by Wang Hsueh-tao



Dad Goes off to Fight Old Chiang

by Huang Tsou



Magnolias

by Chao Meng-chu



Bumper Harvest

by Tang Yun



The Forest

by Li Hsiung-t'ai

Photos: Ku Shu-hsing, Wu Yin-po and Wu Pao-chi

NEW CHINA'S PAPER INDUSTRY

HSU HO-KUEI

CHINA is now filling most of her own constantly-growing needs of paper for printing, packaging and industrial use. Her output of newsprint, for example, has increased threefold since the liberation. Moreover, despite the relative poverty of her timber resources, the problem of pulp supply has been solved by the adaptation of other raw materials.

This, with the domestic production of modern paper-making machinery, guarantees the further growth of this industry which is of such tremendous importance to a nation's culture, economy and trade.

As is generally known, paper was invented in China by Tsai Lun, who lived during the second century A. D.—more than a thousand years before its first appearance in Europe. The Chinese people have used it ever since, and developed some of the best hand-made papers the world has ever seen. But under the rule of the

feudal landlords, the country gradually fell behind, economically and educationally. And in the last hundred years, imperialist nations dumped their goods into China, ruining her handicrafts and making it still more difficult for her to build her own industry.

Obstacles and Crisis

The first modern paper mills were set up in China at the end of the last century but were unable to develop. A series of servile governments, of which the Kuomintang was the worst, sacrificed national sovereignty in the economic field, facilitating the inflow of foreign goods while imposing crippling taxes on industry at home. As a result, most of China's paper mills remained poorly equipped and technically backward. Furthermore, they had to import machinery and even pulp, at prohibitively high prices, from the U.S.A., Japan and England.

At that time over 90% of the population was illiterate and living in deep poverty. The per capita annual consumption of paper before liberation was less than one pound. Yet even this small demand could not be met by home industry; the bulk of the machine-made paper was bought from abroad.

During the anti-Japanese war, when imports of foreign paper were cut off, most newspapers, magazines and books were printed on hand-made paper, the production of which experienced a certain revival. But immediately after V-J Day the American monopolies, helped by Chiang Kai-shek, flooded the Chinese market anew, and the national paper industry suffered a fresh, almost a fatal, blow.

In 1949, at the time of liberation, most of China's few paper mills were out of operation. Profiteering merchants were hoarding their stocks in the hope of higher profits. At a time when the resurgent people were thirsting for education and culture, paper was almost unobtainable.

Measures of Rehabilitation

The People's Government took the situation in hand at once. The first question to be tackled was the improvement and expansion of production in the existing mills. For this purpose, the Ministry of Light Industry allocated very substantial funds, while the paper workers were rallied to the task by the knowledge that their efforts were now for the country and people.

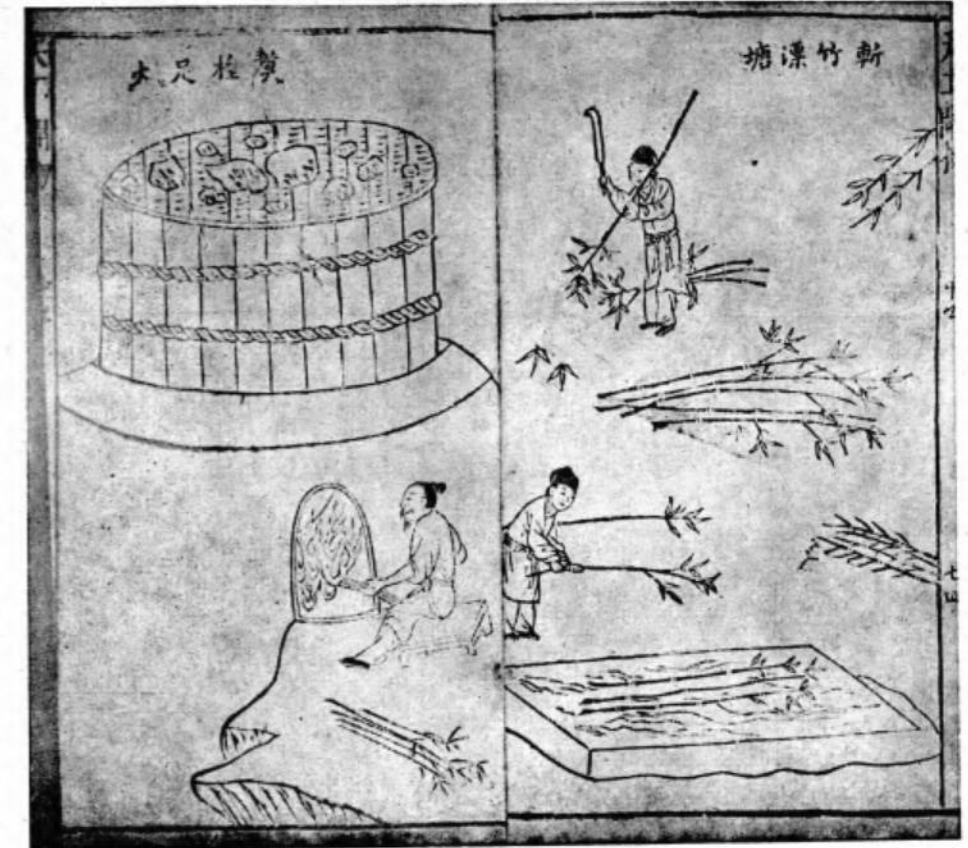
Newsprint production at the Tientsin State Paper Mill. Hanging on the machine are progress reports on the fulfilment of the workers' pledge to exceed daily output quotas by 10%.

The history of the Tientsin State Paper Mill is illustrative of the changes that followed. This factory was started by the Japanese in 1939, and was taken over by Kuomintang bureaucratic capitalists after V-J Day. In their hands, production kept declining. But by the second year after the liberation, its yearly output was already more than twice what it had been under the Japanese occupation, and three times the average annual output under the Kuomintang. In 1952, it produced over thrice the annual average of occupation times. The Kirin State Paper Mill in the Northeast was re-equipped, increasing its daily production from 20 to 150 tons. The Canton State Paper Mill, from which all the machinery had been removed to Japan by the invaders, was never properly re-installed by the Kuomintang, although the machines came back and high-salaried foreign engineers had been hired to set them up. The job was completed by the liberated workers, and production of newsprint began in February 1951. Efficiency was raised until the paper machines were working at 44 per cent above their rated capacity, the improvement in quality keeping pace with the rise in quantity. At present, the mill is being enlarged further.

Private paper mills also began to thrive. In Shanghai alone, two new ones have come into existence since liberation. The privately-owned Kongmoon Paper Mill in Kwangtung province, nearly bankrupt at the time of liberation, experienced a spectacular revival after the democratic reform of its management and operations. Its 1952 profit was ¥4,700 million, one part going to the shareholders and the other for welfare provisions for the workers. In the first half of 1953, with the same equipment as before and the same number of workers, it topped its best pre-liberation output by 40 per cent.

New Mills Constructed

Of the new paper mills now being built by the state, the largest is at Kiamusze, in Northeast China. It was begun in June 1953, and will be finished by 1957. Its plant will include a pulp mill



Cutting bamboo (right) and making it into pulp (left), two steps of the handcraft paper-making method as shown in Tien Kung Kai Wu, an early Chinese technological treatise printed in 1637.

for the large-scale production of sulphate wood-pulp. Among its products will be industrial papers, kraft bag papers, electrical insulating papers and a number of others. The raw material will come from the neighbouring forests and the coal from the nearby Hokang mines. It will have the most up-to-date Soviet machinery, with an efficiency three to five times that of the best machines working in China at the present time. The number of workers required will be only one-third of that needed in an old-type mill of similar capacity.

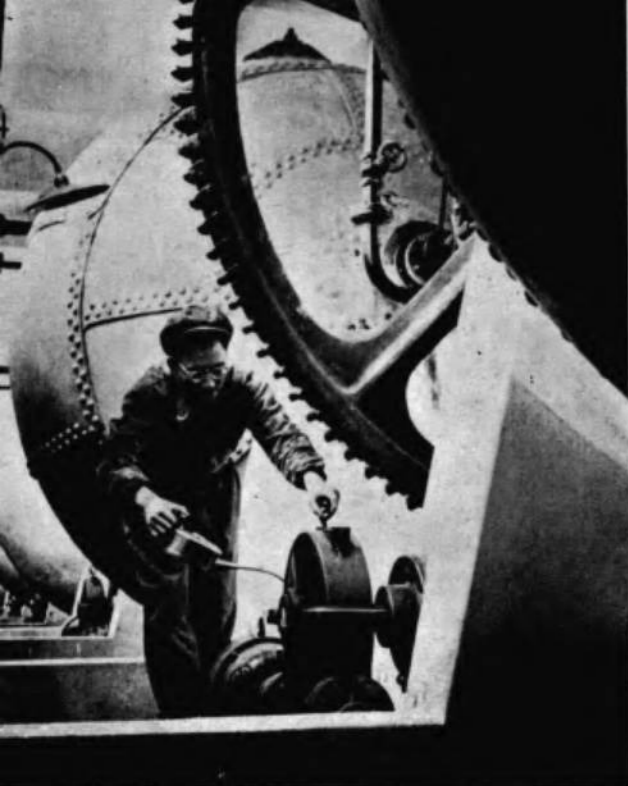
In the main, however, China's paper industry no longer depends on imported equipment. Grinders, digesters, filters, bleaching tanks and other machinery are already being made in the Northeast, Tientsin and Shanghai. Two big new state-owned paper mills, in Kiangsi and Hupeh provinces respectively, are equipped entirely with machines made in China.

The different varieties of paper now produced fulfil nearly all the country's needs—with the exception of a few types of industrial

paper and some high-quality items like super-fine bond, and art paper which are not at present in great demand. China is approaching self-sufficiency in newsprint and now imports very little writing and typing paper, kraft paper, and cardboard. Cigarette paper and banknote paper, always imported in the past, are now supplied by our own industry. For the first time in history the volume of machine-made paper produced in China exceeds that of hand-made paper.

Solving the Pulp Problem

The most difficult problem in building our paper industry was that of pulp. It is a striking evidence of the semi-colonial position to which China's economy was reduced that not only did the paper industry depend on imported pulp but the equipment in the factories was adapted to the use of foreign varieties only. Though wood-pulp was produced on a large scale in the Northeast during the Japanese occupation, most of it was shipped to Japan for her rayon industry. The small beginnings of a pulp industry which sprang up in West China



A worker in the newly-built Hupeh Paper Mill oiling the motor attached to one of the digesters. All the machines in this mill were made in China.

bamboo and sugar-cane residue. Up to that time, sugar-cane residue had only been used for the making of cardboard; it being the view of most experts that, in order to make fine paper, the pith which constitutes 50% of the residue must first be removed. The Soviet expert set out to prove that this was a conservative idea; that an inexpensive paper of high quality could be produced without discarding the pith. His experiments

were crowned with success. Today, the country is getting paper made entirely of sugar-cane residue pulp, which is of good quality, cheap, and simple to produce.

Verechitin's experiments in the making of pulp from bamboo have resulted in an entirely new kind of newsprint, consisting of a mixture of mechanically prepared bamboo pulp with 40% of wood pulp.

Government Aid and Support

The People's Government considers the paper industry to be of first-rate importance, and gives it ample support. A special bureau of the Ministry of Light Industry plans and coordinates production and marketing for both state and privately-owned mills, and for handicraft producers as well.

The groundwork for subsequent development was laid at two big conferences for the paper industry held, respectively, in January and November 1950. Both were attended by administrators, technicians, and other working personnel from all over the country. The first made an estimate of existing production capacity, demand and raw material resources and laid down certain quality standards. The second dealt with questions of supply, price stabilization, management, new construction and the role of handicrafts. Forms of

cooperation between state and private enterprises were worked out. Each component of the industry was assigned its own tasks to avoid wasteful overlapping and competition. Handicraftsmen were encouraged to organize themselves into cooperatives and to concentrate on the output of pulp, thus helping the mechanized mills. They were also given the job of producing certain special papers for cultural needs.

Since that time, other conferences have met to exchange views on problems of technique, the fight against poor quality and the rectification of practices which impair efficiency. In addition there is a pooling of experience through various publications, including a monthly magazine put out by the Ministry of Light Industry.

As in every other branch of the economy, state-owned paper-making enterprises are taking the lead in exploring new techniques of production, management and organization of labour. The results of such research are passed on freely to the private and handicraft sectors.

The new atmosphere which government leadership has created throughout the industry has released a flood of initiative and enthusiasm among workers and technicians. A model worker in the Tientsin State Paper Mill, until recently an illiterate, succeeded in repairing and re-assembling old but serviceable machinery that had been relegated to the scrap heap by the Kuomintang. Another worker in the same plant saved over ¥6,000 million for the country by a single rationalization proposal. The workers of a paper mill in the Northeast discovered a way of utilizing the pulp waste that was lying mountain-high around their factory to make soundproof boards and packing paper. These are only a few examples.

China was the birthplace of paper. Now that the necessary conditions have been created, her people will certainly restore her paper industry, on a modern basis, to the glorious place it held in ancient times.



The author at work in the Tsitsihar railway administration.

Girl Dispatcher

SUN HSIAO-CHU

I WAS born in 1930 in a small town south of Shenyang (Mukden) in Northeast China. My father was a railway worker and my grandfather was a peasant. As a little girl I used to gather firewood and help my mother with the housework. When I was eight, we moved north to Tsitsihar, where my father was stationed. My parents found it hard to make both ends meet and I only went to school for four and a half years.

Tsitsihar was liberated in 1945. Three years later, when I was eighteen, I too went to work with the railway. My only idea at that time was to work hard and earn a living. For the next two years I was first a ticket collector

and then an announcer of the times of arrival and departure at the Tsitsihar station.

One day the stationmaster asked me whether I would like to become a coupler. I had read stories about Tien Kuei-ying, China's first woman engine driver, and Liang Chun, our first woman tractor driver, and had asked myself: "If they can do such skilled work, why can't I?" So I agreed.

When the men heard I was to do this job they made all kinds of remarks. "Ever since Pan Ku chiselled heaven and earth out of chaos, no one has ever heard of a woman train coupler," they said. "Can a mare go into battle?" Their talk didn't discourage me. "It's true that this could never

have happened in the past," I thought. "But neither were men and women equal, as they are today."

At home, mother set her face against the whole thing. She considered it improper for a young girl to run all over the railway yards. Despite her opposition, I was determined to try.

BESIDES COUPLING the coaches and wagons, I had to jump on and off moving engines. At the end of the first day I was so tired that I couldn't sleep. My hands were a mass of blisters and my legs were swollen. I had just become accustomed to the work, when the cold weather set in. It was twenty below zero. My hands were covered with chilblains which cracked. I bandaged them up and worked on.

Among more than three hundred workers I was the only woman. During intervals when there was nothing to do the men used to sit in groups talking and laughing. But if they saw me coming they would suddenly become silent. I felt isolated as if I was some sort of criminal. It was impossible to learn or to work well with this barrier in the way. So I made it a rule never to take advantage of being a girl, and tried to talk the way the men did. Gradually they accepted me as one of themselves.

After a time I was appointed to be a number-taker, and a young skilled worker was assigned to train me. I wanted to learn quickly and was eager to work as long as possible every day. But as soon as evening approached, he would refuse to take me down the yards for fear of gossip. I persuaded him by saying "Why should a man of good character be afraid of what others may say?" He was very strict and insisted on my telling him all that I had learned at the end of each day. It was largely because of this that I learned very quickly.

One day in the early spring of 1951, as I was running about in the railway yard with my pencil and pad, I noticed a stranger talk-



Riding in the engine cab to learn conditions along the line.

ing to the stationmaster. From time to time they turned to look at me. I was puzzled. Later, I found out that the visitor was a section chief from the Railway Administration.

ABOUT TWO MONTHS later I was sent for by the head of our personnel department. He told me I was being transferred to the administration to learn to be a dispatcher. I was surprised, happy and sad all at the same time. I was a girl with very little education and a dispatcher is like a military commander. He gives orders to dozens of stations, has hundreds of engine drivers under his control and directs them over hundreds of miles of line. One wrong order or one badly made plan may cause serious accidents or great waste of time and money. From the moment the dispatcher goes on duty until the time he leaves, he has to concentrate hard on what he is doing.

On the one hand, I felt it a great honour to be given such a chance. On the other, I had become good

friends with my fellow workers and looked on the station as my home. So I couldn't help having a good cry when I left. Me a dispatcher? Think of it! Under the Japanese occupation Chinese were rarely allowed to hold such a position, and if they were, they had to have at least ten years' experience on the railways. I remembered the arrogant Japanese dispatcher at Tsitsihar when I was a girl. He wore a thick gold band on his cap and gold epaulets. Everyone had to address him as "Mr. Officer".

I went to the administration building feeling as though I was not myself but somebody else. An experienced dispatcher named Li took endless trouble to teach me all he knew despite the remarks of some of the others who said: "Why waste your time? She'll run back home in a few days!"

When the stationmasters along the line first heard my voice over the telephone, some of them asked indignantly: "Whose child is talking in the dispatching room?" So the administration called about fifty stations and explained that

a woman was being trained as a dispatcher. They asked everyone to cooperate but there were still many remarks about "that girl with her milk teeth trying to do a man's job".

TO TRAIN a dispatcher generally takes at least three months. But after I had been studying for 35 days, the section chief told me, "You're fit to start work." I wanted to learn more, but when I heard that my teacher had volunteered to go and defend our country at the front, I said: "All right, I'll do it." That night I worked alone for the first time. I was very nervous but got through without a hitch, and from then on I became a regular dispatcher.

I felt my lack of knowledge deeply. So I kept asking others to give me pointers from their experience. One day I telephoned to a former co-worker stationed in Kiamusze, near the opposite end of one of the lines many miles away. He promised to send me a book. When it came I saw it was all about the Zagorko method of dispatching used in the Soviet Union. I read every word over and over again. Then one night when I was lying awake I suddenly realized that the essence of the Zagorko method was: "Know the conditions; keep on top of the situation; know the people you work with personally and rely upon them."

"This," I thought, "is the way we should work." I talked to the head of the dispatching office and told him what I had read. I expected he would be very enthusiastic and want to introduce the new method. But he did not say whether he agreed with it or not. I also talked it over with other dispatchers. Though they were interested they were not too clear about how to apply it. Only a few were against the whole thing. "You are only twenty-one," one said. "I have worked for twenty-three years. Isn't it too early for you to start teaching me?"

A dispatcher sits at a desk in a soundproof room and gives orders by telephone. He can talk to the various stationmasters for years and know their voices; but if he met them on the street he would not recognize them. This seemed strange to me. I was sure the Zagorko method would make for better work and decided to go by train, after work, to the nearby stations.

MY FIRST TRIP was a failure. Arriving at my destination, I tried to strike up a conversation with the engine drivers. But they kept their distance and were unwilling to talk. Thinking about it later, I realized that I had behaved awkwardly and talked in a dead, dogmatic way. Naturally they were unresponsive.

The next time I went, I put on an old uniform so as not to look too different from the drivers in their grease-smeared work clothes.

"You are terribly busy," I said, "but still, I'd like to ask you something. I am the new dispatcher and want to work in a way that will help all of us. But I don't know conditions along the line or what problems an engine-driver meets. Would you be willing to help?" This led to a friendly conversation with the drivers and other railway workers, and soon we were talking about everything from locomotive engineering to the pranks of their children. After that I began riding with the drivers in the cab to learn the terrain. They were always glad to explain.

Other dispatchers thought my actions peculiar. Once when we were discussing our work at a meeting, a dispatcher said: "We can do our job just as well without going out. I don't like your new-fangled ideas!"

"But the work is new to me," I said. "I can't do it well without knowing how the trains run." Then I asked this man: "Can you tell me the gradient between Yian and Hsintun?" He could not answer. "On which bridges does the train have to slow down?" I pressed him. Again he could not tell me.

"We say that the dispatcher is like the commander of an army," I said. "What kind of commander can he be if he does not know the condition of his enemy or the power of his own forces?" These arguments struck the men as sensible and afterwards many of the other dispatchers began to take an interest in the new method.

The load on the line was heavy and we did not have enough engines. We had to get more work out of what we had. One day a hot-tempered engine driver named Sung was asked to pull eighty goods wagons. He protested that it was too much and the dispatcher snapped, "It's an order." Sung shouted back down the phone, "I won't take such talk from you or anybody else. I won't pull more than the norm and that's that."

The next day I was on duty. I remembered that Sung had great self-respect and prided himself on being a man of his word. I went to see him.

"King Coal-Saver," I said jokingly, for he was good at saving fuel, "how is it that you say one thing and do another?"

"What do you mean?" he shot back.

"At a meeting sometime ago you said, 'I show my love of country with deeds, not words.' Remember?" He had a quick mind. Seeing what was coming, he couldn't help smiling.

"Well, why don't you prove it?" I continued. "You can save the nation a lot of money by pulling greater loads, but you won't do it just because you don't like somebody's tone. Suppose I arrange for other trains to let you pass, so that you won't have to stop on the way."

Sung pulled eighty-three wagons that day and managed to reach his destination ahead of time. His success was written about in the blackboard newspaper. Later, others pulled a hundred wagons.

The stationmasters and engine drivers often quarrelled with the dispatchers. The reason was that the latter gave instructions without knowing the conditions of the engines or the line. I made a point of discussing schedules with the stationmasters and drivers well in advance and we enjoyed working together.



Discussing a mutual problem with engine drivers.



Sun Hsiao-chu was one of the delegates to the World Congress of Women in Copenhagen in June 1953. She is shown (left) with model peasant Shen Chi-lan (centre) and Li Yun (right), welfare worker, on her return to Peking.

Once a train was pulling into a station at 8 p.m. Traffic was particularly heavy at that time and it was necessary for it to leave after a shorter interval than usual. I knew that it would be late if the driver went out for a meal. So I asked him through the dispatcher's telephone to get a snack on the train. This annoyed him and he started the train without eating at all.

Calling the stationmaster at the next point where the engine had to refuel, I asked him to have a hot meal ready for the driver in a comfortable room and to arrange for others to fill the engine with water and coal while he ate his supper. The driver was so appreciative that he rang me up on the phone and said: "I must see what you look like when I get back."

Working in this way, I learned the names of all the stationmasters and engine drivers of the area, their special abilities, history and other characteristics just as if they were members of my own family.

Some like to be spoken to gently; others prefer a plain business-like approach. I go to them with my problems and try my best to solve theirs. Because I know the people I work with and what is on their minds, I am able to make plans that get fulfilled.

In July 1951 the Northeast railway administration sent four model workers on a tour of all

the big stations in the region. They were Yang Mao-lin of Harbin, inventor of a new loading method, Cheng Hsi-kun of Angangchi, an expert in extra traction, Li Hsi-kuei of Mukden, who worked out methods to raise shunting efficiency, and myself. We travelled for more than a month telling railway workers everywhere we went of our experiences.

IN MAY 1952 the railway workers of China threw themselves into a big campaign for more efficient haulage.

When I first heard about this, I thought, "Raising efficiency means moving more goods more quickly for the construction of our country," and determined to have a part in it. Going over the situation of the entire area under our administration in my mind, I concluded that the most difficult place for pulling loads above the norm was the slope between Hsintun and Yian. If we could solve this problem then it would be easy to carry out the extra-traction movement.

I went down to that section of the line to make a careful investigation. Talking the matter over with the engine drivers, I felt sure something could be worked out. The point was to find a driver willing to make the first attempt. I thought of Ma Hung-tao who was very skilled, had plenty of initiative and was always ready to take up a new idea.

"What do you think?" I asked him. "Is it possible to haul greater loads on the steep Hsintun-Yian grade?" He thought for a while, then said: "We can try."

There was a dispatcher who was very dubious about our plan. "We used to haul only 700 tons of freight during the Japanese occupation," he said. "Now we pull 1,700 tons. Isn't that enough?" I took him up. "How can we make comparisons with pre-liberation days? For whom did we work then? Now we are working for ourselves! Should we always stick to the same old way? Let's work it out together." He finally agreed. To haul an extra-heavy load up such a steep grade was something that had never been done among us before. We gave the effort advance publicity and everybody became enthusiastic. The old cook prepared special dishes for driver Ma Hung-tao, and served them himself.

On the morning of May 28, a large crowd, including the administration chief, was on platform at Peian Station waiting. Bedecked with red streamers Ma's engine, No. 1159, pulled in four minutes ahead of time. It had achieved its task safely, pulling a load of 2,550 tons over the most difficult section of all. The minute he got off the train, the driver was showered with flowers and telegrams and people rushed forward to shake his hand. Every one shouted "Speech! Speech!"

"The honour should go to the dispatcher," he said. "It's all her doing."

"If you had refused to try when I asked you," I broke in, "I could have done nothing."

It became plain that it was not the impossibility of the task, but only a too conservative approach that had kept us back. After the first success, this was proved again and again by other workers, who did even better.



Musicians and dancer of the Tang dynasty (618-907 A.D.), a contemporary mural from the Tunhuang caves in western Kansu province. Among the instruments being played are harp, pipa, sheng, flute, pai hsiao (pan pipes) and others.

CHINESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

LI YUAN-CHING

CHINESE musical instruments have a history of several thousand years. References in ancient writings, specimens excavated by archaeologists and the great variety used by musicians today all testify to the creative genius of the Chinese people in this field. Besides inventing many wind, string and percussion instruments, Chinese musicians at various times have assimilated the music of neighbouring countries, and re-made and developed for-

eign instruments for their own needs. Such borrowings have not been one-sided. Enriching itself from many sources, the music of old China also influenced that of adjacent lands.

Since the liberation, Chinese musicians and musicologists, under government sponsorship, have been studying the musical legacy of both the majority Han people and the national minorities. It has been established that 3,500 years ago, when China was gradually

changing from a primitive communal society to a slave society, many musical instruments were already in existence.

Relics of Shang

Some instruments as well as oracle bones on which the names of others were inscribed, have been found on the site of the capital of the Shang dynasty (16th to 11th century B. C.) near Anyang in the present-day Honan province. These substantiate later



Fig. 1: The *hsun*, a melo-low-noted wind instrument (Chou dynasty, 1066-771 B.C.).

historical accounts and show that, at that time, many types of musical instruments, were played, and musical and dance activities were engaged in on a large scale. Unfortunately, most ancient musical instruments were made of materials that did not preserve well, and have therefore been lost to us. We may assume that instruments made of bamboo or other woods were more popular among the people of those early days than those made of metal, pottery or stone, which have survived.

An example of the latter is the *shih ching** excavated at the ruins of the Shang capital in 1950, by the Academia Sinica (Academy of Sciences). It is very well made. Though buried for over 3,000 years, it gives a ringing musical sound when struck.

The *hsun* (Fig. 1) is a very interesting ancient wind instrument. It was made of pottery, with six holes, and could be used to play a simple melody. Survivals of this early instrument may be found even today.

In the Time of Confucius

Round about 1,000 B. C., the more advanced areas of China were emerging from a slave

* A reproduction of it was printed, as an illustration to "New Archaeological Discoveries", by Hsia Nai, in *China Reconstructs*, No. 4, 1952.

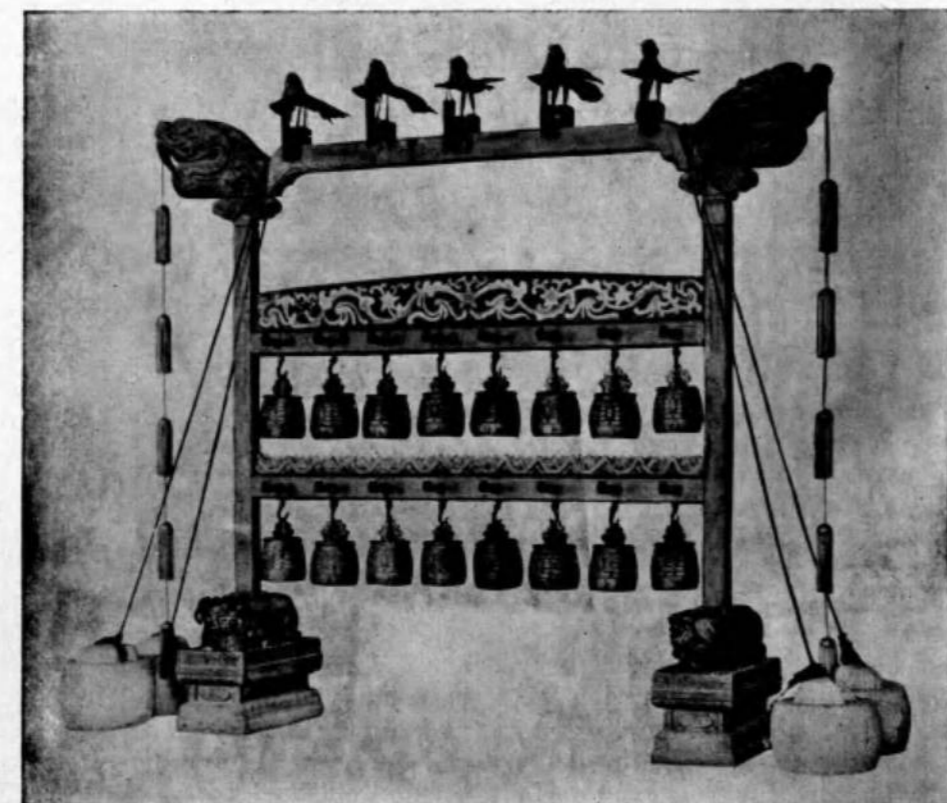


Fig. 2: The *pien chung*, or bell chimes.

society to a feudal society. Later, with the change in the social system, there was a flowering of culture. The social effect of music was formulated theoretically. Ritual and music began to be regarded as essential means of establishing and holding together a feudal state. Confucius, (551-479 B. C.) was one of the most outstanding thinkers and teachers of the feudal era. An enthusiastic music-lover himself, he was an important promoter of ritual and music, and his teachings on the subject dominated musical aesthetics in later feudal times. From the "Book of Odes", the collection of poems and ritual songs which he personally edited, we can learn much about the court and popular music of that time.

Many scholars contemporary with Confucius paid special attention to the social effects of music. In their writings they mention the names of over a hundred musical instruments, the rigid system to be followed in court performances, the classification of musical instruments, with some specifications as to how they are to be made. These authors also show a knowledge of acoustics.

The musical instruments of early Confucian times were the ones that worshippers of the ancients in the later feudal period were most interested in reviving. Because most of the originals were lost, they were painstakingly reconstructed from the books, or simply from imagination, and placed respectfully in court buildings by the officials. Isolated from the people they did not develop as they might have under other circumstances.

Variety of Instruments

The *pien chung*, or bell-chimes, (Fig. 2) *pien ching* or stone-chimes, and *fang hsiang* which were equivalent to the glockenspiel in the modern symphony orchestra were the largest and most valued percussion instruments in the court orchestras of ancient China. They consisted, respectively, of sixteen bronze bells, stones or pieces of iron of different thicknesses which could produce sixteen notes forming a chromatic scale. They were thus easily modulated.

Recent study has proved that in China, as far back as 2,300 years ago, the standard pitch was

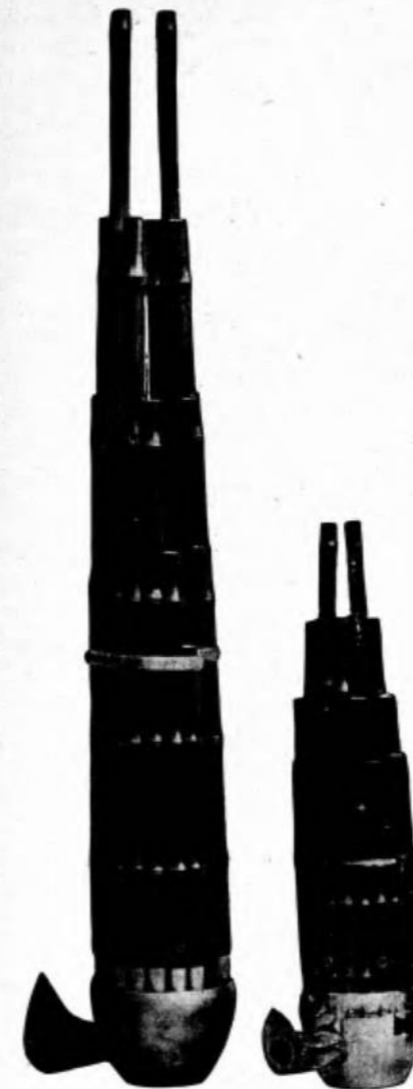


Fig. 3: The *sheng*. These harmonic instruments vary greatly in size and pitch.

already known and the twelve notes of the chromatic scale had been identified and named. Though the Chinese people are noted for their use of the pentatonic scale to create beautiful and intricate music, it is not true as sometimes wrongly supposed, that all Chinese music is based on the pentatonic scale. This is proved both by the ancient musical instruments described and by our modern folk music.

A harmonic wind instrument peculiar to China is the *sheng* (Fig. 3). Popular in ancient times, it is still often seen and heard today.

The oldest Chinese string instrument that has been found (Fig. 4) is made of wood and dates

back to the time of Confucius. It has twenty-three strings, and appears to be the forerunner of the modern *cheng* or *ssu*. There is good reason to believe that our archaeologists, in their future work, will unearth the originals of many other musical instruments described in the old literature.

The dynasties of Han (206 B. C.-219 A. D.) and Tang (618 A. D.-906 A. D.) were remarkable for extensive communication between China and countries lying to the west of her. In these periods, many musical instruments were brought in from Central Asia and India. Among those adopted and modified by the Chinese was the *pipa* (Fig. 5), a fretted guitar-like instrument with four silk strings which is still popular, and which came from Central Asia. Improved by Chinese musicians, it has become truly a national instrument; indeed it is no longer to be found in its countries of origin. Comparing the modern *pipa* with an old specimen which was presented to Japanese monks by the Tang dynasty court and is still preserved in Japan, we see obvious improvements.

The Tang Period

During the Tang dynasty, visitors from countries to the west of China could be seen everywhere in the capital, Changan (the Sian of today). They enriched the culture of the Chinese people, especially those of the capital, with their music and dances, both secular and religious. The Tang emperor Hsuan Tsung, whose

musical talent far exceeded his administrative capacity, founded a college of music in the year 714 A. D. He himself taught there and composed for the court's music and dance troupe. Hsuan Tsung invited many folk artists, as well as many from abroad, to his court. The best of them were selected for further training. In this reign, music and dance in the imperial palace reached new heights, greatly influencing the later development of Chinese music.

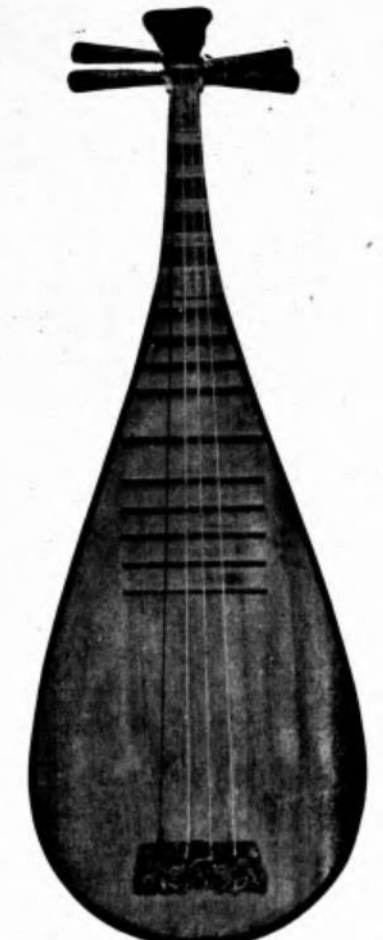


Fig. 5: *Pipa*



Fig. 4: China's oldest string instrument, forerunner of the modern *cheng* or *ssu*.

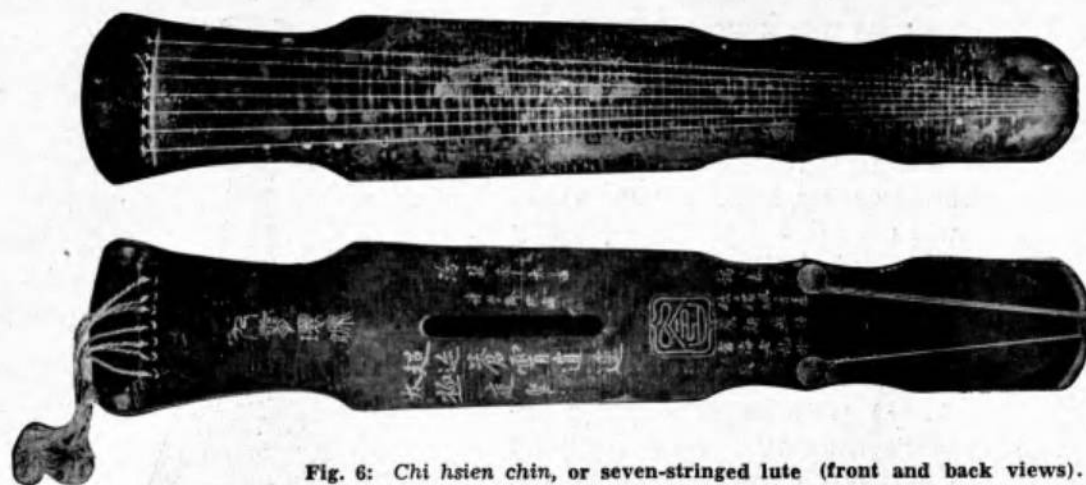


Fig. 6: Chi hsien chin, or seven-stringed lute (front and back views).

According to Chinese historians, many types of music were used in the Tang period. The music for state banquets included that created during the preceding Sui dynasty (581-617 A. D.). Besides this, there was the music of the Turkic peoples of Liangchow, the modern Wuwei in west Kansu; of Kucha, Khotan and other areas in what is now Sinkiang; of Central Asia to the west, and the Viet-Nam and Khmer (Cambodian) peoples to the south.

About a century before the founding of the Tang dynasty, the *chi hsien chin* (Fig. 6) had become the favourite musical instrument of our literary men. It appears to be descended from a similar instrument placed horizontally on the knees for playing, which was depicted in stone sculptures of the Han dynasty. Some of China's greatest scholars are known to have been performers on the *chin*. A tremendous amount of attention was given to its improvement and development, and over 160 sets of books about it, as well as much specially written music, have been preserved. The volume of the *chin* is so delicate that it cannot be used as an accompaniment for dances. Some instruments of Tang dynasty spread to Korea and Japan where they have survived to our own day.

The Ching Period

In China itself, as a result of many wars, most of the ancient instruments and music, so bril-

liantly developed in the Tang dynasty, had regrettably disappeared in the Ching (Manchu) dynasty (1663-1912). The Ching despots themselves were largely responsible for this great loss, through their extreme ideas of reviving only the oldest music, which impeded the improvement of existing instruments. Despite

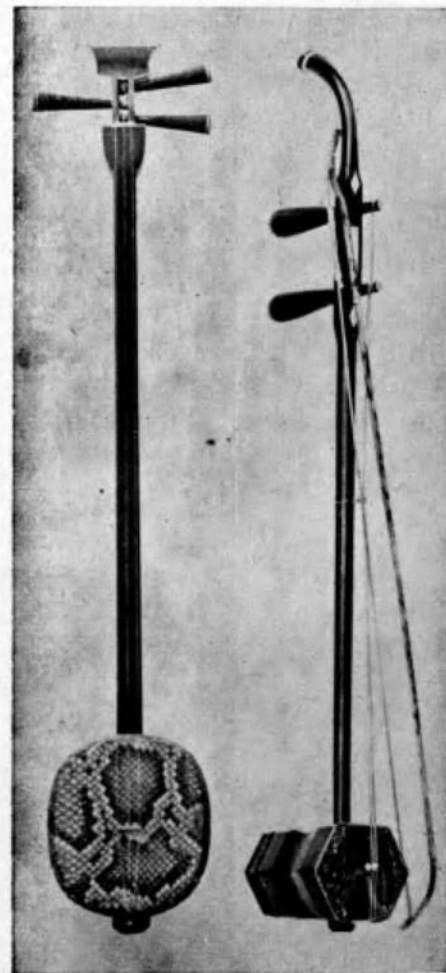


Fig. 7: The san hsien and erh hu.

these efforts, however, the growth of the operatic drama led to the development of musical instruments used by the accompanying orchestras, such as the flute and stringed instruments like the *san hsien*, a three-stringed unfretted guitar, and the *erh hu*, a kind of two-stringed fiddle (Fig. 7). Percussion instruments such as gongs and drums remained most popular.

During the Ching Period, many musical instruments of the various national minorities were brought to Peking, but were only kept as curiosities in the imperial palace. Since they were simply stored there, they had no influence on the music of the people, unlike those that came in during the Tang dynasty.

After the intrusion of foreign capitalist states into China, western musical instruments also appeared in our cities, making steady headway. Used mainly in the schools, they presented a stiff challenge to the national musical instruments, and performers on both began to compete for audiences. This was accompanied by the appearance of two extreme parties. One had the set idea of using only what came from China's own past, rejecting everything from abroad. The other considered Chinese instruments obsolete, and wanted to use western ones only. It was not until the new movement in music which developed under working-class leadership, particularly during the anti-Japanese war, that Chinese musicians, combining theoretical study with their actual practice, came to a correct estimation of our national instruments.

Recent Development

Before the appearance of the liberated areas, western and Chinese musical instruments were

Western instruments like violin, accordion and trumpet were combined with Chinese ones by this guerilla cultural group in an old liberated area during the war with Japan.



isolated from each other. The workers and peasants, whose life was hard, had no chance to become acquainted with the treasures of world music. The events of the first quarter of the twentieth century had little influence on the development of our traditional instruments which were rejuvenated only through the force of the rising people's revolution. Both types of musical instruments were used in propaganda work during the revolutionary wars. Orchestras and bands combining national and western instruments performed in the revolutionary bases. Thus these friends, long isolated from each other, met and established a lasting comradeship.

Liberation of the entire country has brought the national minorities out of oppression, making them equals in the great Chinese family. Their musical instruments, many of which were previously only known locally, their music and their dances are all being introduced in the big cities

of China. From them we are gaining a fuller knowledge of our varied musical heritage.

Today, western instruments are being used more and more widely. But they cannot replace the national musical instruments which are so deeply rooted in the lives

of our people. It is also clear, however, that many of the instruments we now have cannot adequately convey the thoughts and emotions of the people in this new age. Hence there has been a sharp demand for their improvement. It is now being met by further developing many instruments, giving them greater volume, standardizing their manufacture in graduated sizes and modifying them so that they can be more adapted for playing in harmony (Fig. 8).

This work, when completed, will be of great help to the advance of Chinese music as a whole. It brings closer the time when national instruments will be used in combination with those from the West to sing our new life. Bringing the cultures of different nationalities in China into closer cooperation, it will also contribute toward the interchange of musical experience and culture between China and other countries, enlarging the area of mutual understanding and doing its part toward world peace.



Fig. 8: The yang chin is a stringed instrument played with two small bamboo hammers. Recent improvements in design have increased its volume, formerly rather weak.



Chinese traditional sports have an infinite variety of form. Shown above are some of the participants in the national exhibition and tournament held in Tientsin last November. Included are different sorts of *chuan shu* ("shadow boxing"), fencing, weight-lifting and archery.

TOURNAMENT OF OLD SPORTS

LIN CHIEN

IN CHINA TODAY, alongside the unprecedented spread of modern athletics, the traditional sports of the people are being revived. Among a tremendous variety of forms developed since ancient times, a large number are of great value to health and recreation. Aesthetically too, many of the movements are remarkable for rhythm and beauty, with a close relationship to the dance. In this, as in every other field of culture, the People's Government has been making great efforts to preserve those positive aspects of the national heritage which are of use in the new life of China.

Regional traditional sports meets were held in Harbin for Northeast China, and Tientsin for North China, in 1951 and 1952. At the same time, many local teams and groups were set up and expanded their activity. Last November, a national exhibition and tournament took place which brought together the best performers from all over the country—in the same way as the best dramatic troupes had been brought together in the National Drama Festival of 1952 and the best folk artists in the National Festival of Folk Music and Dance in 1953.

Originally, it had been intended to incorporate this event in the National Athletic Meet held in Peking in the previous month; there being no intention to separate national from international forms of physical culture. But because there were so many athletes, it proved inconvenient to accommodate both at the same time and the traditional sports meet, the first in Chinese history, was held separately in the new

municipal stadium in Tientsin, which seats 13,000 spectators. It went on, before packed stands, for an entire week.

Nationwide Representation

The 397 participants were assembled under the auspices of the All-China Athletic Federation with the cooperation of the athletic departments of the trade-union, youth and other organizations. Contingents came from all the administrative areas—Northeast, Northwest, North, East, Central-South and Southwest China, from the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region, the People's Liberation Army and the All-China Railway Sports Association.

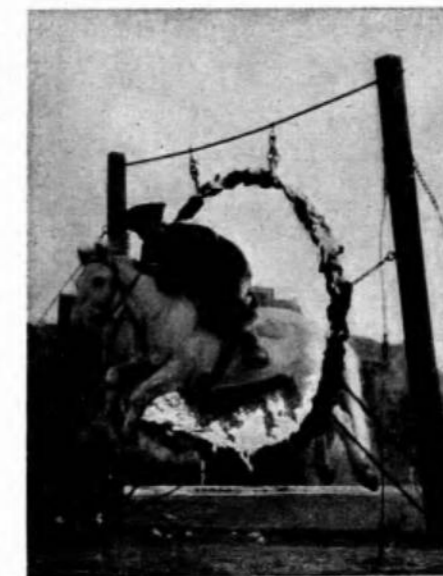
Ten nationalities were represented: Han, Hui, Mongolian, Uighur, Kazakh, Tatar, Miao, Thai, Korean and Manchu—their colourful dress adding to the gay

spectacle. In ordinary life, the athletes were workers, peasants, soldiers, students, teachers, government workers, members of the professions, Lamas (Buddhist monks) and housewives. Not all Chinese sports depend on strength and stamina. Some are judged on style and grace, so that there are forms suitable to all ages. The youngest participant in the meet was eight years old. The oldest was 80.

"Chuan Shu"

Most of the entrants were enrolled in the categories of *chuan shu* ("shadow boxing") and Chinese fencing. They performed solo or in pairs, and occasionally in larger groups, bare-handed or with old-style weapons. Such exercises, which are exceedingly varied, exist in every section of China. In ancient times, they were closely connected with training in self-defence and were used by the armies. Now, after a very long period of differentiated development, they have a greater significance as a form of physical conditioning.

"Shadow boxing" is generally done by one person. A performer who was much applauded at the meet was Lan Su-chen, a young teacher from the Southwest. In the "soft-flowing style" of which she is an exponent, the movements are dance-like, with superb and effortless control in the most difficult balancing stances. Seeing her, one understood the historical fact that the Chinese dance, which had all but perished as an independent art, has been preserved in some *chuan shu* movements as well as in the Chinese drama. There are many versions of *chuan*



A horseman from Inner Mongolia jumps through a burning hoop.

shu, involving different degrees of muscular tension and types of movement. In all, the entire body is exercised in a balanced way. The benefits of *chuan shu* were convincingly shown by the great suppleness exhibited by the older men. One of them, aged 67, was able, without any appearance of strain, to lift each leg alternately until it stood parallel to his body with the foot above his head. He had begun to train only after 40, to improve his health which was very bad at the time.

On the general principle of showing all related sports which hold lessons for each other, international style boxing was also shown in this section.

In fencing, performers are matched against each other with the same or different arms. A swordsman, or two swordsmen, fight with a spearman. A man with an ordinary cudgel, or unarmed altogether, fights against edged weapons. Despite the tremendous speed and intricacy of both attack and defence, the opponents only touch each other lightly to show their ability in real combat. Sometimes actual weapons are used, sometimes facsimiles made of less dangerous



Two girls from East China demonstrate a form of fencing that is very close to the dance.

materials—as in the short sword fights in which the daggers are of leather.

This division included international fencing with foils.

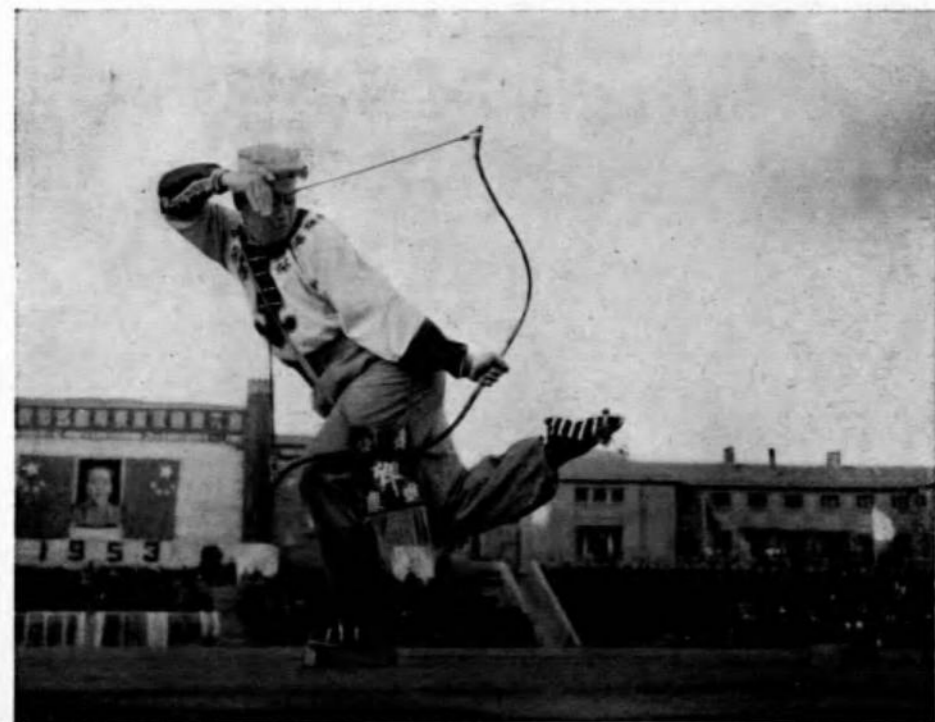
In the hands of the traditional Chinese athletes, even weight-lifting was combined with lightness of execution. This was demonstrated by Shan Shao-san, a folk variety artist from Kaifeng, who tossed a 22-pound weight in

the air with one hand more than a hundred times, juggling it as dexterously as conjurers juggle hollow balls. In this division too, there was a contest in the international style. Some China-wide weight-lifting records were broken, the marks set approximating Olympic standards.

Mongolian Wrestling

The Inner Mongolians put on a particularly impressive demonstration of wrestling which, along with riding, is their favourite national sport. Mongolian men begin to wrestle at the age of six and keep on until past middle age. The Kuomintang, fearing that this minority would rise against its oppressors, proscribed the pastime as "too combative". Today, as part of the active revival of all types of physical culture in Inner Mongolia, it has come back into its own.

At the periodic *Natamu* fairs in their home region, the Mongolians form two opposing ranks according to weight and height, after which they wrestle, pair by pair. The contenders may grip each other anywhere between the neck and waist and try for a single throw which decides the winner. The contests at the All-China meet were attended by traditional ceremonies. Team-members not engaged in the



Kao Chuan-yung, a Peking linotype operator, shoots a marble off the sole of his foot with another from his bow.

current bout lined up in long blue gowns, round hats and cowhide boots and struck up a rumbling bass chant, "Pick your best wrestlers and begin." As they did so, the wrestlers came out hopping from foot to foot in a warming-up dance with legs and arms spread-eagled. Big magnificently-muscled men, they wore cowhide neckbands with bright-coloured pendants each standing for a victory, brass-studded belts, billowing trousers of many yards of snow-white material, leather belts and embroidered leggings. After wrestling, the dance and chant were repeated.

In the heavyweight finals, the Mongolian herdsman Tsengkir fought with the 200-pound Tientsin stevedore Chang Kuei-yuan, representing North China. After Chang threw Tsengkir bodily out of the ring but failed to floor him according to the rules, another bout was fought with Tsengkir winning. Inner Mongolia's wrestlers got two first places and one third.

Steeke of Sinkiang province, an athlete of Uighur nationality, won great applause in a breathtaking feat—walking and dancing along a tight-rope stretched at a 45-degree angle from the ground to the top of a pole 66 feet high. Steeke tells how, when performing in the past, he was pushed around by Kuomintang police. Today he is a regular member of the Kashgar district cultural troupe and is teaching his art to seven pupils, including his two daughters.

Feats of Archery

Archery was well represented. Two Inner Mongolians, a hunter and a peasant, were the victors in the main events. Other performers showed that many more things can be done with bows than just shooting arrows at targets. The bow as a test of strength was demonstrated by Chang Ying-chieh who drew four of them, using both arms and legs. He exhibits

Wrestlers from Inner Mongolia competed in their colourful traditional dress.

at Peking's Tienchiao bazaar with his father, who taught him how to do it. Kao Chuan-yung, a Peking linotype operator, can shoot marbles from an ordinary bow with amazing accuracy. One of his feats is to balance a marble on the upturned sole of one foot which is bent back toward his thigh, and, twisting his body and head around, to hit it with a second marble shot from his bow. Kao was very disappointed that he had no one to compete with in this unique type of archery, which used to exist in the past but has now virtually died out. He developed his own skill, he said, when he used to go out hunting pigeons to supplement his diet in the hungry days before liberation. Now he is teaching the art to three fellow-workers in the print shop where he is employed.

While all these events were taking place in the centre of the Tientsin stadium, various feats of horsemanship were performed in the outer circle, with the Inner Mongolians once more excelling. Regular-style polo was also played.

Popularization and Renewal

A notable feature of the meet was the beginning it laid in the working out of standards for the performance and judging of traditional Chinese sports. Previously

there had been no systematization, and the more highly-skilled practitioners clung to various "secrets", sharing them with only a few or with no one. Now athletes from all over China have exchanged experiences. In addition, perhaps 200,000 people were present at the meet and thousands more at later exhibition performances when the prize-winners went on tour. Films, photographs and newspaper accounts have informed millions of others. The whole field of Chinese national athletics has been classified into four categories—callisthenics, dance, physio-therapy and defence—and much progress is expected along all these lines.

The All-China Traditional Sports Meet was treated as an important event in the athletic life of the country. It was part of the process of popularization and renewal of the rich culture that has come down from the past. Its significance was emphasized by messages, received specially for the occasion, from Chairman Mao Tse-tung and Vice-Chairman Chu Teh of the Central People's Government, as well as in the full treatment given by the press. Now a series of local meets is scheduled to take place. They are certain to result in new discoveries and new developments.



At The Ferry

LIU SHAO-TANG

CHING-LIN, waving a long sorghum stalk, was driving ducks to the river. He was barefoot and stripped to the waist. From behind a hill to the east the early morning sun threw its golden light over the water. The river was rising and had already overflowed into the ditches along its banks. Tied to a mooring post was a big wooden ferryboat.

A large, fully-loaded lorry sped down the highway and came to a halt on the opposite bank near the water's edge. The young man sitting on top of the cargo called across the river and asked Ching-lin to get the boatman.

"No need," Ching-lin shouted back, "I'll ferry you across."

The man on the lorry pretended he had not heard and called again.

"Hey! Do me a favour, will you, and find the boatman?"

"Don't ignore me like that," Ching-lin shouted. "We are river people. Handling a boat is like play to us." And he ran to the boat, freed it from its moorings, pushed it from the bank and poled it smoothly across the river.

When the lorry had been driven aboard the ferry the man on top of the cargo took a close look at Ching-lin. He saw a tall, slim youth with a boyish expression. "He can't be more than eighteen at most," he thought.

"Careful, little brother," he said. "We are bringing farm implements for the cooperative."

When Ching-lin heard this, he pulled his pole out of the water, climbed on top of the lorry in

great excitement and stood staring at the new-style ploughs, hand-operated straw cutters and scythes. He looked and looked and it seemed as though he could never look enough.

"Hey," the lorryman cried in alarm. "The boat will overturn."

"You're a brave one!" said Ching-lin, and with one stroke of his brown arms he pushed the boat back on to its course again. In a few minutes they reached the opposite bank.

"You're very clever," said the man giving Ching-lin a friendly slap on the shoulder. "We'll look for you when we return."

"Better come quickly," Ching-lin replied. "By evening the water will be racing. It will be rough and dangerous to cross."

The man thanked him, asked his name, paid the fare and drove off. Ching-lin took the money to the ferryman's hut. Old Chang, the ferryman, was still asleep.

AT NOON the river was still rising and the tall wild hemp growing on the bank was almost submerged.

Ching-lin stood there straining his eyes along the road to the far distance, but he could see no sign of the lorry. The ferryman pulled the boat up close to the bank and tied it up securely.



Ching-lin looks at the lorry's cargo.

"Old Chang," Ching-lin said, "there's a lorry coming. You'd better wait for it."

"It's easy for you to talk," grumbled old Chang. "If the boat overturns it's not you that will have to answer for it. Let the lorry wait for a few days until the water subsides."

Ching-lin was still looking down the road when somebody slapped him on the back. It was Kuan Shan, the head of his mutual-aid team, who was also branch secretary of the Communist party.

"Hurry up, and go to the field," Kuan said. "Everyone is waiting for you to read the newspaper."

Without another word, Ching-lin picked up his hoe and ran off to the field.

IN THE late afternoon the lorry, loaded with sacks of soybeans, came back down the road.

A girl of about sixteen was sitting on top, holding on to a rope with one hand and to an umbrella

with the other. She bounced up and down, two black, shiny pig-tails bobbing about on her shoulders.

When the vehicle reached the river, the man who had talked with Ching-lin in the morning, jumped down and ran to the ferryman's hut. But he found the place deserted. Even the straw mat that usually lay on the brick bed had been taken away. The man turned back towards the lorry and looked at the great stretch of the river with its fast flowing water and leaping whitecaps. He did not know what to do next.

Not far from the ferry, two men sat cooling themselves in the shade of a tree. One of them, Wang Fu-liang, had come to take a nap by the river. He had overslept and was too lazy to get up and return to work. The other, Li Yu-fu, had never joined the mutual-aid team, preferring to work by himself.

"Look," Wang said to Li. "That fellow is circling round like a blindfold donkey turning a grindstone. Let's see what we can get out of him."

"Not me," said Li Yu-fu shaking his head. "The river's too high. It's dangerous for us to try and ferry such a big load across. I don't want to risk it."

Wang Fu-liang wrinkled his nose and said scornfully, "What a fool you are! They're sure to give a lot of money for the job."

"Hey," the man from the truck shouted walking towards them. "Can you help me find the boatman?"

"The boatman isn't here. He's gone home," Li said.

"Where's Yu Ching-lin?"

"Who knows where he's gone?" Wang broke in hastily. "You're hopping around as though you'd been bitten by a scorpion. We'll take you across."

"It's a responsible job; the truck is loaded with public property," the man said.

Wang Fu-liang struck his chest and boasted: "Men who live by the river can manage boats just as easily as they can eat home cooking."

The man remembered that Yu Ching-lin had said nearly the same thing just that morning. "All right," he said. "Let's go."

But Wang was not ready yet. "Let's talk about the fare first," he said. "You will have to pay extra. It's a long way across and it's hard work."

The driver readily agreed to Wang's demands, and the lorry was driven to the ferry. Li Yu-fu took hold of the rudder. His heart was thumping loudly.

WHEN the boat was unchained it rushed downstream like a wild horse, the water lashing its sides leaving a stormy white wake behind.

Li pulled hard on the rudder but he could not control it. Wang tried to use the long bamboo pole but was unable to reach bottom. "It's dangerous. I'd better get out of this," he thought. Turning to see if anyone was looking, he let go of his pole and leapt with a splash into the water.

Li also wanted to run, but the lorryman was standing just behind him watching. So were the girl and the driver. He felt as if he was being boiled in oil. "I tried to catch a fox but all I got was the stink," he thought to himself, biting his lip as beads of sweat broke out on his forehead. Suddenly, he shut his eyes and slid into the river. The girl grabbed at his clothes, but she too lost her balance and went

over the side. However, she managed to catch hold of the boat and the lorryman pulled her back.

The driver took hold of the rudder and stirred it around in the water. The big boat drifted like a leaf, then began to turn around in circles.

The girl saw a group of people in a field near the bank. "Help!" she shouted at the top of her voice. "Save the boat! The truck is carrying public property!"

Before she finished a youth shot forward like a pebble from a sling. The rest of the group started running after him. "Two is enough," a voice shouted as a second man plunged into the water.

Ching-lin and Kuan Shan were strong swimmers. They soon reached the boat and hauled themselves out of the water. Kuan Shan took the rudder and Ching-lin managed the pole. They worked hard and soon reached the opposite bank.



"A girl of sixteen was sitting on top . . ."

Drawings by Chou Ling-chao

The lorryman embraced Ching-lin and pulled some money out of his pocket. "You've had a hard time," he said. "Please buy some wine for yourself and your friend."

Ching-lin pushed his hand away. "To protect public property is everybody's business," he said. "Why should you reward us?"

The lorryman had no answer. He shook both men warmly by the hand. The day was drawing to a close and a brilliant red sunset spread across the cloudy sky.

* * *

THE GIRL who had been riding on the lorry went into a field of hemp to wring the water out of her shirt. She heard the lorry start up and hurried back to the road. Then she looked up at the sky and frowned: "It will be late when I get to Peking," she said half to herself. "I won't be able to find a place to stay."

Ching-lin heard her and asked, "Why are you so anxious to get to Peking?"

"I'm going to see my brother who has just returned from Korea," the girl answered. "This

is the first time I've been to Peking. It's late and I'm all wet."

Ching-lin feeling he was being very bold said, "You'd better come and stay with my mother."

The girl accepted happily.

That evening Ching-lin went to keep watch on the river bank. The girl took a straw mat and also went to sit on the river bank. It was a dark night; the stars shining brightly with the Milky Way high overhead.

"Yu Ching-lin," she said, "you are eighteen years old and a member of the Youth League. Isn't that right?"

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Your mother told me."

"And you?"

The girl was modern-minded, so she answered without the least embarrassment. "My name is Li Chun-lan. I'm seventeen. Last April I joined the Youth League in Elm Forest village."

"How many are there in your family? Have you joined the mutual-aid team?" Ching-lin summoned up his courage to ask.

"I live with my father, mother and sister-in-law. We are members of an agricultural producers' cooperative." Her eyes twinkled mischievously as she added, "You don't have one in your village yet."

"Wait until after the harvest and then you'll see," said Ching-lin, unwilling to acknowledge that his village lagged behind. "Our team is sure to reorganize as a cooperative. It's just like a ripe melon, ready to fall."

They fell silent, both occupied with their own thoughts. Suddenly they heard children shouting, "Come on! Let's go under the vine and listen to the weeping!"

"What's the matter?" asked Chun-lan.

"It's the seventh day of the seventh moon," Ching-lin laughed. "The Herdsman meets the Weaver Girl at the heavenly river."*

Blushing, Chun-lan laughed too.

The next morning Ching-lin took the girl down to the bus station where she joined the already large crowd of waiting passengers.

"You'd better not wait for the bus to start," she told Ching-lin.

But Ching-lin did not move.

"You and your mother are very good to people," she said and the colour rose to her cheeks. "After the harvest I'll come and see you."

With a happy smile on his face Ching-lin went off home.

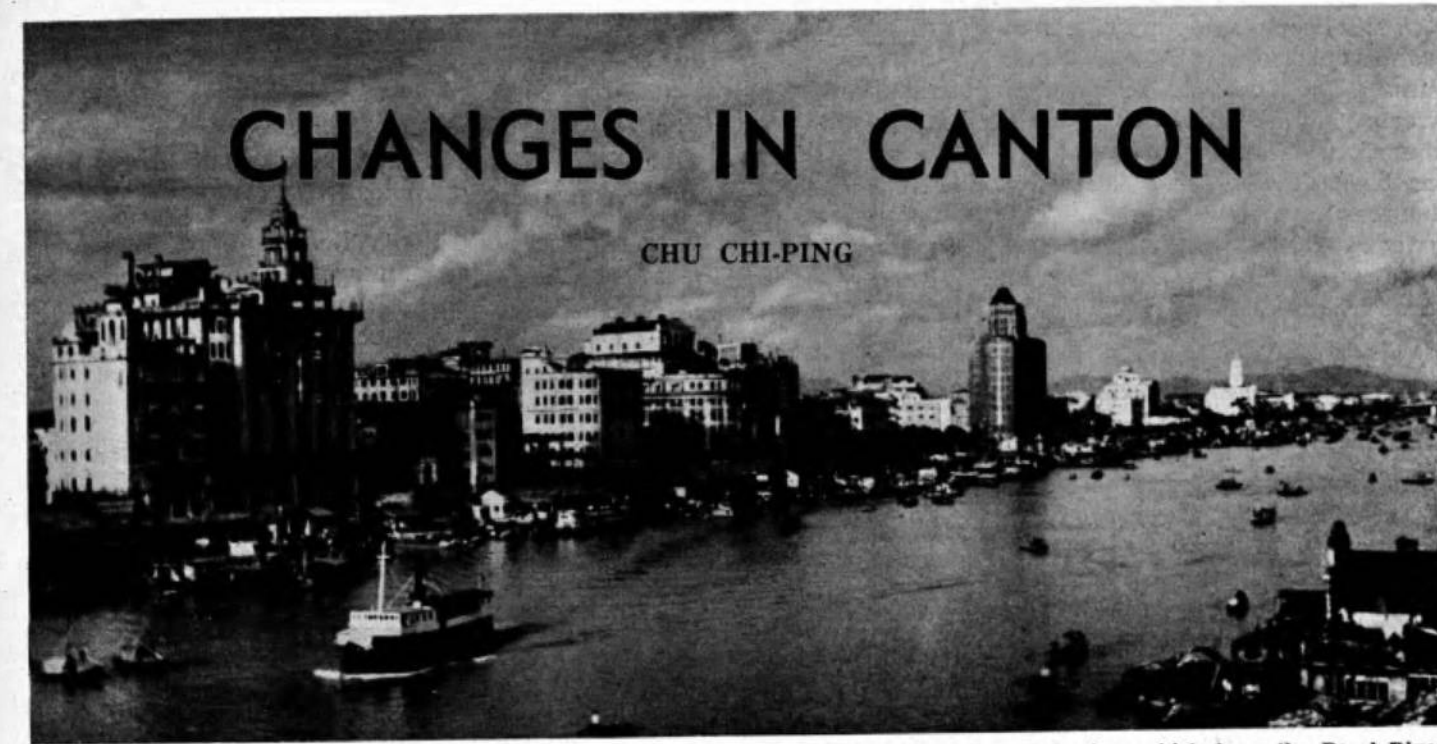
A warm breeze swept across the land, heavy with the scent of the ripening crops. The sound of peasants singing while they worked rose from one field after the other.

*The Herdsman and the Weaver Girl are the Chinese names for Aquila and Vega, the two constellations which face each other across the Milky Way. According to Chinese folklore they are man and wife who, having incurred the wrath of the gods, only see each other once a year on the seventh day of the seventh moon.



"Our worker brother has installed a pump for us."

Chao Yen-nien



CHU CHI-PING

The business section of Canton, which faces the Pearl River.

I LIVED in Canton during my childhood. I remember how, every time I went to the embankment along the Pearl River, I was fascinated by all the ships and boats, but especially by the big passenger tows. This was not only because of their special build, with layers of cabins one on top of the other, which made them look like the ships in paintings done hundreds of years ago. It was also because these huge boats were pulled by tiny tugs far into the interior and, in those days, were often boarded by pirates who stripped the passengers of all their valuables. Thrilling stories were told about the fights between the pirates and the special guards that all ships used to carry. To hear the grown-ups exchanging such tales always held a thrilling fascination for an impressionable child.

Not long ago, I had the opportunity to go back to Canton. The window of my hotel room overlooked the Pearl River, and out of it I could see the same old vessels, crammed with passengers, moving along the surface of the water like satisfied ducks. But when I told the friend who met me at the station about my early

ideas about them, he thought it a great joke. "If you had come a few years ago when the Kuomintang was still in power," he said, "you'd have found the same old conditions." "But," he laughed, "you'll have to revise your memories now!"

During my ten-day visit, I found that what he had said was true. The changes of the last four years have indeed been tremendous.

TODAY the Pearl River is like a busy highway filled with an ever-increasing volume of traffic. Every month, it carries over 300,000 tons of cargo and 200,000 passengers between Canton and the interior of the country. Every day, thousands of boats of all sizes move along it, weaving the fabric of trade. They connect Canton, the largest city in South China, with many other towns and villages over a spreading network of waterways formed by the Pearl River and its tributaries.

In October 1950, dredging was begun in the Lichiao shipping channel which connects Canton with the sea. The work, which was finished last autumn, opened a route that had been unused for

over a century. In 1840, during the first Opium War, this channel was blocked with rocks and timbers by the patriotic viceroy Lin Tse-hsu, to prevent enemy warships from forcing their way up to Canton. Now, large vessels can use the channel freely once more. The tributaries of the Pearl River have also been cleared. All this has led to a much greater volume of traffic.

Motor-cars, horse-drawn vehicles and people stream constantly over Canton's Haichu Bridge that crosses the river. In October 1949, when the city was liberated, hardly anything was left of this 200-yard span—the longest in South China—which had been blown up by the fleeing Kuomintang troops. The People's Government undertook its repair at once, and it now carries heavier traffic than ever.

THE CITY itself is taking on a new form. The new building programme of the municipal government can be seen going into effect everywhere, in the centre of town and in the suburbs. Besides many types of public buildings, new housing had been built for 28,600 people. The old open

sewers have disappeared, and been replaced by underground ones. The mileage of paved streets had been trebled since liberation. The electricity supply has been doubled, and electricity charges have come down. The water-rate has been halved and piped water is now supplied to an additional 300,000 people.

All kinds of health and recreational facilities are being provided for Canton's working people. Every one of the city's eleven districts now has its own Mother and Child Welfare Centre, fully equipped to look after maternity cases. Around these centres a network of 25 branch clinics has grown up, and the neighbouring villages have their clinics too. The result has been a sharp fall in infant mortality.

A new workers' sanatorium has been built in the picturesque suburb of Yiloh. The expenses for workers receiving treatment are met out of their labour insurance. Patients there continue to receive their wages, as provided for in the insurance regulations.

LATE ONE AFTERNOON, I went up Yuehsiu Hill. Here there is a five-storey temple, 500 years old and painted in vermilion. Up to the liberation, it was slowly falling into decay, its gardens choked with weeds and neglected bushes. Now the whole hill has been turned into a huge park. Roads have been built through it and 100,000 new trees and shrubs have been planted. As I looked down over the city in the gathering dusk, the many-coloured neon signs of the business section began to illuminate the sky and the boats gliding over the river were marked by twinkling lights. Below, in the valley, I could see the new sports stadium which seats 50,000 people, and two fine swimming pools where, because the climate is warm, people come all the year round for sport. Two years ago, none of these things were in existence.

There are several swimming pools, too, at Lichee Bay where some of China's famous lichees grow. People come here for swimming and boating. Groups of picnickers buy all sorts of

Cantonese pastries from the small boats which are poled about the bay. When I arrived in Canton, it was just after the summer heat-wave and the lichee trees were loaded with fruit.

Fresh lichees, once tasted, are never forgotten. You peel off the horny, dark-red skin and pop the white fruit, dripping with juice and as sweet as honey, into your mouth.

South China also produces delicious pineapples, bananas, papayas, oranges, mangoes and coconuts. These are now being sent all over the country, finding their way to fruit stalls in faraway cities where they were rarely seen before. The life of the fruit-growers has been radically improved by the opening of new markets, and they are increasing production enthusiastically.

IMMEDIATELY after its political liberation, Canton began its struggle for economic liberation as well. My friends told me about it. Up to 1949, the city was a dumping-ground for foreign imports. All business transactions were based on foreign currency, and prices were pegged to it.

Following the liberation, more than 20,000 workers and students were mobilized to go through the city urging everyone to bank or exchange their Hongkong dollars, U.S. dollars and Sterling to take them out of circulation. This was now acceptable to the holders because the purpose for which most of them had hoarded foreign money was to protect themselves from inflation, and the new People's Currency was stable. All bank deposits, moreover, were now guaranteed in terms of commodities under the "parity unit" system, under which they would retain their full purchasing power even if the currency should fluctuate. Then the government took over a great deal of the distribution of everyday necessities, and sold them at reasonable prices. Through this dual drive, the cen-

tury-old semi-colonial economic situation was changed in seven months.

Canton's main business used to be imports and exports. Large numbers of merchants acted as agents of foreign companies. There was little or no industry of any importance and the few factories imported their raw materials and then exported their finished products. Economically, Canton was a suburb of Hongkong.

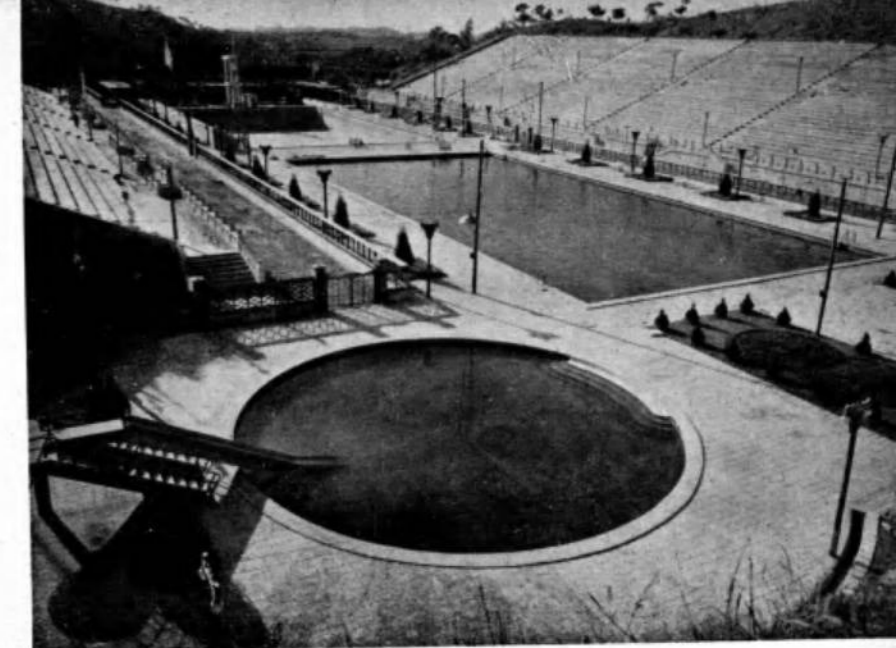
Now Canton is the trading centre for over 100 million people in the rich South China area. The businessmen have thrown off the stranglehold of foreign dependence. Industry is growing and the workers have plunged into production for the home market.

The Canton Tungyung Machine Works is an example of the change. It is a combination of three half-derelict factories which were set up in Kuomintang times. Today it is producing shapers, 4-foot lathes, automatic cement-mixers and woodworking saws, which are sold all over China.

The privately-owned Tungchow Flashlight Factory, which was started in 1931 and had to close down twice because of poor business, made a net profit of ¥1,136 million in 1952 and nearly ¥2,000 million in the first half of 1953. Workers' wages in the flashlight factory are eight times what they were before liberation. This dramatic turn for the better came about because labour and management worked together for higher output, lower production costs and better quality. The factory is putting up additional buildings and bringing in further improvements in working conditions.

Wholesale and retail trade organizations, both state and private, have thought of new ways to increase sales and bring manufactured goods to the peasants who need them. Several fairs have been held in Canton to stimulate the exchange of industrial and agricultural products. Moreover, between January and

Canton's new swimming stadium, built since the liberation, has a grandstand which seats 10,000 spectators.



August 1953 alone, exhibitors from the city took part in 68 fairs in other parts of China, where they transacted over ¥90,000 million worth of business. Retail sales in the Canton State Department Store have shown a steady increase. The figure for August 1953 was 65 per cent higher than that for June.

PRIVATELY-OWNED factories now sign contracts with the state so that their products can be distributed in accordance with the national plan. Government buying and retail centres take delivery of their products at agreed intervals. This solves the marketing problem for private industry, helps to stabilize production and keeps capital circulating. The factories can thus concentrate on raising production, improving quality and lowering costs. By October 1953, some 166 privately-owned factories manufacturing 25 types of goods, had signed distribution agreements with government retail agencies.

Nor have the handicrafts for which Canton is famous been left out of the economic plan. For some time now, handicraft workers have been coming together in producers' co-ops under the leadership of the Canton Federation of Co-operatives, which assists them in getting government processing contracts, finances production and markets their products. For the handicrafts, the path of co-operation is the path to a flourishing future.

In Southeast Asia and elsewhere, there are some six million Chinese who originally came from Canton and the province of Kwangtung. They have always taken a keen interest in helping the construction of the homeland, but owing to reactionary rule, could not do so in the past. Now, in conjunction with local private capital in Canton, Hongkong and Macao, overseas Chinese businessmen have set up three big enterprises in Canton—the South China Industrial Corporation, the Overseas Chinese Industrial Construction Corporation and the Canton Investment Corporation. These firms are engaged in building, production, trade and transport in the interest of the people. Though their part in the whole national economy is small, they are making a valuable contribution to the country's economic advance.

During the first year of China's first Five-Year Plan, Canton's economic position in the South China area has grown considerably. Its productive enterprises are multiplying. Its import and export trade has expanded. But the great difference between the present and the past is that the things imported today are all necessary for China's industrialization and the exports are goods which we can spare, exchanged for those we require.

It is true that we who remember the old Canton must revise our memories. Ten days in Canton was enough to convince me of this.



Gathering the pineapple crop in the outskirts of Canton.

Welcome, Spring!

An Uighur Folk Tune
Words by Wang Chia-hsiang
Arranged for piano by Liu Chih

Moderato

mp

mf

Con anima

Hai! Under our flag we leap with joy. Under five golden stars - we

dance and sing. Welcome! we are running to meet you, gay and lovely spring, oh lovely spring!

mf

Oh, the golden sun is chasing away the winter with its cold and darkness.

Mao Tse-tung, like the sun, brings joy - to us all and makes our life so warm and happy.

ff

mp

mf

fff

STAMPS

FOUR IMPORTANT CHINESE INVENTIONS ILLUSTRATED

Major inventions by the ancient and medieval scientists of China are featured in a new set of four stamps issued on December 1, 1953. The set itself is the fourth of the "Great Motherland" series of specials, illustrating the past and present achievements of the Chinese people. All stamps are engraved, 22 x 38 mm. in size, *pref.* 14. The main design in each case is bounded by a decorative frieze of national design on the left and descriptive legend on the right. The reproductions below are slightly enlarged.



¥800, dark grey. Legend: "Compass. Warring States Period. 3rd Century B.C."

This earliest of all known compasses consisted of a ladle fashioned of natural magnet resting on a smoothly-ground bronze bowl with the cardinal and other points marked round the edge. Placed in any position, the ladle turned until its head pointed to the north and its handle to the south.



¥800, bottle green. Legend: "Seismoscope. Instrument to record earthquakes. Later Han Dynasty, 132 A.D."

The seismoscope pictured on the stamp was invented by Chang Heng, ancient astronomer and writer. It consisted of a bronze vase with a pendulum-like device inside. Earth tremors caused the pendulum to move and strike the head of one of the carved dragons affixed to the vase, making its hinged mouth open and drop a copper ball into the mouth of one of the frogs placed below. The occurrence and direction of earthquakes were thus indicated.



¥800, myrtle. Legend: "Drum cart to record mileage. Apparatus for

measuring distance travelled. Chin Dynasty, 3rd century A.D."

This device to record distance travelled, the first of its kind in the world, took the form of a cart of special construction. The wheels were connected with cogs which acted on the small figures facing the drum in such a way as to make them strike it each time one li (a third of a mile) was traversed.



¥800, auburn. Legend: "Armillary sphere. Apparatus for observing the movement of heavenly bodies. Ming Dynasty, 1437 A.D."

The elaborate bronze instrument shown on this stamp was constructed on the principle of the invention by Kuo Shou-ching (1222-1316 A.D.) who lived in the previous (Yuan) dynasty. It consists of a horizontal circle, equator, elliptic and meridian circle all marked with degrees. The equator and elliptic circle are at an angle of 24 degrees. The device is equipped with a telescope.

From Our Readers

Common Problems

China Reconstructs gives us vivid and fascinating accounts of the great construction and reconstruction going on in new resurgent China. My personal opinion is that every Indian who knows English and is interested in the people and their cause should regularly read China Reconstructs. This magazine tells us how the Chinese people are successfully solving their problems, many of which are common problems here also.

B. R. VATS

New Delhi, India.

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Our Contributors

CHOU HUNG-SHIH, a young technician on the staff of the Yellow River Conservancy Commission, is helping to re-map the river's course in preparation for the work of controlling it along its entire length.

WU TA-SING has worked at the Ministry of Agriculture since 1950. He holds an M.A. degree in Agricultural Economics from Washington State College, U.S.A.

HSIAO FENG has moved around China a great deal as correspondent for the *Ta Kung Pao*. She was formerly an actress and during the anti-Japanese war travelled with a troupe putting on patriotic plays in the villages of north-west China. Afterwards she taught in a middle school among members of the Miao national minority in western Hunan province.

HUANG YUAN, a doctor attached to the Provincial Sanitary Corps of Fukien province, was formerly a contributing editor of the *China Monthly Review*.

CHEN HUNG-CHIN is a former editor of the influential monthly magazine *Chinese Village*. Last summer he made an on-the-spot study of conditions in rural districts of Honan province.

WANG CHAO-WEN, well known art critic and sculptor, is the author of *Essays on New Art* (Peking, 1952) and *On the Creation of New Art* (Peking, 1950).

HSU HO-KUEI is in charge of planning at the Paper Industry Bureau of the Ministry of Light Industry.

SUN HSIAO-CHU, a young woman railway worker, was a member of the Chinese delegation to the World Congress of Women held in Copenhagen in June 1953. She tells her own story in this issue.

LI YUAN-CHING, musicologist and cellist, is deputy-head of the Research Institute of Chinese Traditional Music in the Central Conservatory of Music. He formerly taught at the Lu Hsun Academy of Arts in Yenan.

LIN CHIEN, chief reporter on the *Tientsin Jih Pao*, was assigned by *China Reconstructs* to cover the Traditional Sports Tournament held in Tientsin last November.

LIU SHAO-TANG is a 19-year-old student, nine of whose short stories have already been published. "At the Ferry" originally appeared in the *Tientsin Jih Pao* and was reprinted in the monthly *Jenmin Wenhsueh* (People's Literature).

CHU CHI-PING is a well-known reporter on the *Ta Kung Pao*, leading privately-owned daily in China. He has been working in the southern provinces in recent months.

CORRECTIONS

The attention of readers is called to two errors which occurred in *China Reconstructs* No. 1 (January-February 1954).

The first sentence of column 3, page 7, should read: "In 1952, the proportion reached 27.8 per cent." Since this figure is important, we hope readers will amend their copies accordingly.

The first sentence of the last paragraph on page 35 should read: "This is a brief review of the relics of the Warring States now on view in Peking."

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AN AMERICAN READER

Maine, U.S.A.

History in the Making

Please accept my sincere congratulations for your excellent publication China Reconstructs.

The whole magazine pulsates with the unceasing progress being made; with your contributors recording history, as it is in the making, in new China.

The achievements are a source of inspiration to people like myself, who watch your progress with friendly interest and admiration.

I feel that all the problems of the future will be overcome by the creative enthusiasm of the Chinese people who by creating a progressive, happy, healthy and peaceful China are playing their international part in strengthening the peace forces of the world.

R. DONALDSON

Sydney, Australia

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We consider China Reconstructs very helpful, both in our daily struggle for peace and in order to make known the great achievements of the people of the Chinese People's Republic.

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